ALBVMAZAR.

A

Comedy preſented before the Kings Maieſty at CAMBRIDGE.

By the Gentlemen of Trinity Colledge.

Newly reviſed and corrected by a ſpeciall Hand.



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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Albumazar.	An Aſtrologer.
Ronca	
Harpax.	Theeves.
Furbo.	
Pandolfo.	An old Gentleman.
Cricca.	His ſervant.
Trincalo.	*Pandolfo's* Farmer.
Armellina.	*Antonio's* maide.
Lelio.	*Antonio's* Sonne.
Eugenio.	*Pandolfo's* Sonne.
Flauia.	*Antonio's* daughter.
Sulpitia.	*Pandolfo's* daughter.
Bauilona.	A Curtezen.
Antonio.	An old Gentleman.

The Prologue.

THe brightneſſe of ſo great and faire a Preſence,
They ſay, ſtrikes cold amazement. But I feele
Contrary effects. For from the gracious center
O'th' Honourable aſſembly, ſome ſecret Power
Inflames my Courage; and, me thinks I am growne
Taller by th'vertue of this Audience.
And yet thus rais'd, I feare there's no retiring.
Ladies, whoſe beauties glad the whole Aſſembly:
Vpon your favours I impoſe my buſineſſe.
If't be a fault to ſpeake this Forraigne langnage,
(For Latine is our mother tongue) I muſt intreat you
To frame excuſes for us; for whoſe ſake
We now ſpeake Engliſh. All the reſt we hope
Come purpoſely to grace our poore endeavours;
As we to pleaſe. In whoſe faire courteſie
We truſt; not in our weake ability.

Albu-

Albumazar.

Act. I. *Scen.* I.

Enter Albumazar, Harpax, Ronca.

Albumazar.

COme brave Mercurials ſublim'd in cheating,
My deare companions, fellow-ſouldiers
I'th watchfull exercíſe of Theevery:
Shame not at your ſo large profeſſion,
No more then? at deep Aſtrologie.
For in the dayes of old, *Good morrow Thiefe*,
As welcome was receiv'd, as now *Your Worſhip*.
The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and the *Arabians*,
So grew *Arabia Fœlix*, *Sparta* valiant.

Ronc. Read on this Lecture, wiſe *Albumazar*.

Alb. Your Patron *Mercury* in his myſterious character,
Holds all the makes of the other wanderers,
And with his ſubtill influence works in all,
Filling their ſtories full of Robberies.
Moſt Trades and Callings much participate
Of yours; though ſmoothly gilt with th' honeſt title
Of Merchant, Lawyer, or ſuch like: the learned
Onely excepted; and he's therefore poore.

Harp. And yet he ſteals one Author from another.
This Poet is that Poets Plagiary,

And he a third's, till they end all in *Homer*.
Albu. And *Homer* filtch't all from an *Egyptian* Prieſteſſe.
The worlds a Theater of theft. Great Rivers
Rob ſmaller Brooks; and them the Ocean.
And in this world of ours, this Microcoſme,
Guts from the ſtomack ſteale, and what they ſpare,
The meſeraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver:
Where (leaſt it ſhould be found) turn'd to red *Nectar*,
Tis by a thouſand theeviſh veins conveyde
And hid in fleſh, nerves bones, muſcles, and ſinews,
In tendons, skin, and haire, ſo that the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be diſcovered.
Now all theſe pilfries couch't and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick maſſe of theevery.
Ronc. Moſt Philoſophicall *Albumazar*!
Harp. I thought theſe parts had lent and borrowed mutuall.
Albu. Say they do ſo: tis done with full intention
Nere to reſtore, and that's flat robbery.
Therefore go on, follow your vertues Lawes
Your cardnall vertue, *great neceſſity*,
Wait on her cloſe, with all occaſions.
Be watchfull, have as many eyes as Heaven,
And eares as Harveſt: be reſolv'd and impudent,
Beleeve none, truſt none: for in this City
(As in a fought field Crowes and Carkaſſes)
No dwellers are but Cheaters and Cheateez.
Ronc. If all the houſes in the town were priſons,
The chambers cages, all the ſettles ſtocks,
The broad-gates gallowſes, and the whole people
Juſtices, Juries, Conſtables, Keepers, and Hangmen,
Ide practiſe ſpite of all, and leave behinde me
A fruitfull Seminary of our profeſſion,
And call them by the name *Albumazarians*.
Harp. And I no leſſe, were all the City theeves
As cunning as thy ſelfe. *Albu.* Why bravely ſpoken,
Fitting ſuch generous ſpirits: Ile make way
To your great vertue with a deep reſemblance

Of

Of high Aſtrologie. *Harpax* and *Ronca.*
Liſt to our profit: I have new lodg'd a prey
Hard by, that taken is ſo fat and rich
Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchaſe.
Harp. Who is't? ſpeak quickly. *Ron.* Where good *Albumazar?*
Alb. Tis a rich Gentleman, as old as fooliſh.
The poore remnant of whoſe brain that age had left him
The doting love of a young Girle hath dried:
And which concerns us moſt, he gives firme credit
To Necromancie and Aſtrologie. *Enter Furbo.*
Sending to me, as one that promiſe both.
Pandolfo is the man. *Har.* What old *Pandolfo?*
Alb. The ſame: but ſtay, yon's *Furbo* whoſe ſmootheſt brow
Shines with good news, and's viſage promiſes
Triumphs and Trophies to's *Furbo playes.*
Ron. My life ha's learnt out all, I know't by's muſick.
Then Furbo *ſings this Song.*

Beare up thy learned brow Albumazar,
Live long of all the world admir'd,
For Art profound, and skill retir'd,
To cheating by the height of ſtars:
Hence Gypſies, hence, hence rogues of baſer ſtrain,
That hazard life for little gain:
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afar
At the rare skill of great Albumazar.

Furb. Albumazar.
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowle abundance:
Pandolfo's ours, I underſtand his buſineſſe
Which I filcht cloſely from him, while he reveal'd
This man, his purpoſes and projects.
Alb. Excellent!
Thanks to this inſtrument: for in pretence
Of teaching yong *Sulpitia*, th'old mans daughter,
I got acceſſe to th' houſe, and while I waited
Till ſhe was ready, over-heard *Pandolfo*
Open his ſecrets to his ſervant: thus tis.

Antonio, *Pandolfoes* friend, and neighbour,
Before he went to *Barbary*, agreed
To give in marriage. *Alb. Furbo*, this no place
Fit to consider curious points of busineſſe,
Come let's away, Ile hear't at large above.
Ronca, ſtay you below, and entertain him
With a loud noiſe of my deep skill in Art,
Thou know'ſt my Roſie modeſty cannot do it.
Harpax up you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purpoſes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning. *Har.* Yes, yes. *Fur.* Yes, ſir.
Furbo *goes out ſinging*, *Fa la la* Pandolfoes *ours*.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 2.

Ronca, *Pandolfo*, *Cricca*.

Ron. THere's old *Pandolfo*, amorous as youthfull May,
And gray as *January*. Ile attend him here.
Pan. Cricca, I ſeek thy aid, not thy croſſe counſell,
I am mad in love with *Flavia*, and muſt have her:
Thou ſpend'ſt thy reaſons to the contrary,
Like arrows 'gainſt an Anvile: I love *Flavia*,
And muſt have *Flavia*. *Cric.* Sir, you have no reaſon,
Shee's a young girle of ſixteen, you of ſixty.
Pan. I have no reaſon, nor ſpare room for any,
Loves Herbinger hath chalk't upon my heart,
And with a coale writ on my brain for *Flavia*,
This houſe is wholy taken up for *Flavia*.
Let reaſon get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I muſt have *Flavia*.
Cric. But ſir, her brother *Lelio*, under whoſe charge
Shee's now after her fathers death, ſware boldly
Pandolfo never ſhall have *Flavia*.
Pan. His father, ere he went to *Barbary*,
Promis'd her me: who be he live or dead,

Spight of a Laſt of *Lelioes* P*andolfo*
Shall enjoy *Flavia*. *Cric.* Sir, y'are too old.
Pan. I muſt confeſſe in yeares about threeſcore,
But in tuffe ſtrength of body, foure and twenty,
Or two months leſſe. Love of young *Flavia*,
More powerfull then *Medea's* drugs, renews
All decay'd parts of man: my Arteries
Blown full with youthfull ſpirits, move the bloud
To a new buſineſſe: my withered Nerves grow plumpe
And ſtrong, longing for action. Hence thou poore prop
Of feebleneſſe and age: walke with ſuch fires
As with cold Palſies ſhake away their ſtrength.
And looſe their legs with cureleſſe gouts. P*andolfo*
New moulded is for Revels, Masks, and Muſick. *Cricca*
String my neglected Lute, and from my Armory
Scoure my beſt ſword, companion of my youth,
Without which I ſeeme naked. *Cric.* Your love, ſir, like ſtrong (water
To a deplor'd ſick man, quicks your feeble limbs
For a poor moment. But after ones nights lodging
You'l fall ſo dull and cold, that *Flavia*
Will ſhrike and leape from bed as from a Sepulchre.
Shall I ſpeak plainer, ſir? Sheele Cuckold you.
Alas ſheele Cuckold you.
Pan. What me? a man of known diſcretion,
Of riches, yeers, and this gray gravity?
Ile ſatisfie'r with gold, rich cloaths and jewels.
Cric. Wer't not farre fitter urge your ſonne *Eugenio*
To woo her for himſelfe? *Pan.* *Cricca* be gone.
Touch no more there: I will and muſt have *Flavia*,
Tell *Lelio*, if he grant th'm his ſiſter *Flavia*;
Ile give my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and finde me here within this halfe houre.

ACT. 1. SCENE 3.

Ronca. P*andolfo.*

Ron. 'Is well that ſervant's gone: I ſhall the eaſier
Winde up his maſter to my purpoſes.

Pan. Sure this some novice of th'Artillery,
That winks and shoots: sir prime prime your peece a new,
The powder's wet: tick, tock, tick, tock.
Ron. A good ascendent blesse me: sir, are you frantick?
Pan. Why frantick? are not knocks the lawfull courses
To open doores and eares? *Ron.* Of vulgar men and houses.
Pan. Whose lodgings this? is't not the Astrologers?
Ron. His lodging? no: tis the learn'd *Phrontisterion*
Of most divine *Albumazar*. *Pan.* Good sir,
If the doore break, a better shall redeeme it.
Ron. How! all your land sold at a hundred yeeres purchase
Cannot repaire the damage of one poore rap,
To thunder at the *Phrontisterion*
Of great *Albumazar*? *Pan.* Why man? what harme?
Ron. Sir, you must know my Masters heavenly brain,
Pregnant with mysteries of Metaphysicks,
Growes to an *Embryo* of rare contemplation,
Which at full time brought forth, excels by far
The armed fruit of *Vulcans* Midwifry
That leapt from *Iupiters* mighty *Cranium*. *Pan.* What of all this?
Ron. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortive
And cause that birth miscarry, that might have prov'd
An instrument of wonders greater and rarer
Then *Apollonius* the Magitian wrought. (you?
Pan. Are you your Masters Countriman? *Ron.* Yes: why aske
Pan. Then must I get an Interpreter for your language.
Ron. You need not; with a wind instrument my Master made,
In five dayes you may breath ten Languages
As perfect as the Devill or himselfe.
Pan. When may I speak with him?
Ron. When't please the stars.
He puls you not a haire, nor pares a naile,
Nor stirs a foot without due figuring
The Horoscope: sit downe awhile and't please you,
I see the Heavens incline to his approach.
Pan. Whats this I pray you?
Ron. An Engine to catch stars,

A Maſe to arreſt ſuch Planets as have lurkt
Foure thouſannd yeers under protection
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol*. *Pan*. Pray youſpeak Engliſh.
Ron. Sir, tis a perſpicill, the beſt under Heaven:
With this Ile reade a leafe of that ſmall *Iliade*
That in a wall-nut-ſhell was deskt, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you ſee *Pauls* from *High-gate*.
Pan. Wonderfull workman of ſo rare an inſtrument!
Ron. Twill draw the Moon ſo neer that you would ſweare
The buſh of thorns in't prick your eyes: the Chryſtall
Of a large Arch, multiplies millions,
Works more then by point blank: and by refractions
Optick and ſtrange, ſearcheth like the eye of truth,
All cloſets that have windows. Have at *Rome*,
I ſee the Pope, his Cardinals and his Mule,
The *Engliſh* Colledge and the Ieſuits,
And what they wrſte and do. *Pan*. Let me ſee too.
Ron. So far you cannot: for this glaſſe is fram'd
For eyes of thirty: you are nigh threeſcore.
But for ſome fifty miles twill ſerve you,
With help of a refractive glaſſe that's yonder.
For triall ſir: where are you now: *Pan*. In *London*.
Ron. Ha you found the glaſſe within that chamber? *Pan*. Yes.
Ron. What ſee you?
Pan. Wonders, wonders: I ſee as in a Land-ſhappe
An honourable throng of noble perſons,
As cleere as I were under the ſame roofe:
Seems by their gracious browes, and courteous looks
Something they ſee, which if it be indifferent
They'l favourably accept: if otherwiſe
They'l pardon: who or what they be, I know not. (elſe?
Ron. Why thats the court at *Cambridge* forty miles hence, what
Pan. A Hall thruſt full of bare-heads, ſome bald, ſome buſht,
Some bravely brancht. *Ron*. Thats the Univerſity
Larded with Townſ-men. Look you there: what now?
Pan. Who? I ſee *Dover* Peere, a man now landing
Attended by two Porters that ſeeme to grone

Under

Under the burthen of two loads of paper.

Rom. That's *Coriatus Perſicus*, and's obſervations
Of *Aſia* and *Africk*, *Pan.* The price. *Ron.* I dare not ſel't.
But here's another of another of a ſtranger vertue.
The great *Albumazar* by wondrous Art,
In imitation of this Perſpicill,
Hath fram'd an Inſtrument that multiplies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of ſeeing,
That you may know each whiſper from *Preſter John*
Againſt the winde, as freſh as 'twere delivered
Through a trunk, or *Gloſters* liſtning wall.

Pan. And may I ſee't ſir? bleſſe me once more.

Ron. 'Tis ſomething ceremonious: but you ſhall try't.
Stand thus. What heare you? *Pan.* Nothing. *Ro.* Set your hands
That the vertex of the Orgon may perpendicularly (thus
Point out our Zenith. What heare you now? ha, ha' ha.

Pan. A humming noiſe of laughter. *Ro.* Why that's the Court
And Univerſity, that now are merry:
With an old Gentleman in a Comedy. What now?

Pan. Celeſtiall muſick, but it ſeems far off.
Liſt, liſt, 'tis neerer now. *Ro.* 'Tis muſick 'twixt the Acts. What
Pan. Nothing. *Ron.* And now? (now

Pan. Muſick again, and ſtrangely delicate,
O moſt Angelicall! they ſing! *Ron.* And now?

Sing ſweetly that our notes may cauſe
The heavenly Orbes themſelves to pauſe:
And at our Muſick ſtand as ſtill
As at Jove's *amorous will.*
So now releaſe them as before,
Th' have waited long enough, no more.

Pan. Tis gone, give me't again.——O do not ſo.

Ron. What heare you now? *Pan.* No more then a dead Oiſter.
O let me ſee this wondrous inſtrument.

Ron. Sir, this is call'd an *Otacouſticon*. *Pan.* A *Couſticon*?
Why tis a paire of Aſſes eares, and large ones.

Ron. True: for in ſuch a forme the great *Albumazar*
Hath fram'd it purpoſely, as fit'ſt receivers

Of

Of ſounds, as ſpectacles like eyes for ſight.
Pan. What Gold will buy't? *Ron.* Ile ſelt you when tis finiſht.
As yet the Epiglottis is unperfect.
Pan. 'Soone as you can, and here's ten crownes in earneſt,
For when tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
I meane to entaile it on my heires male for ever,
Spight of the ruptures of the common Law.
Ron. Nay, rather giv't to *Flavia* for her joynture:
For ſhe that marries you, deſerves it richly.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 4.

Cricca, Pandolfo, Ronca.

Cric. SIr, I have ſpoke with *Lelio*, and he anſwers.
Pan. Hang *Lelio*, and his anſwers. Come hither *Cricca*.
Wonder for me, admire, and be aſtoniſh'd,
Marvaile thy ſelfe to Marble at theſe Engines,
Theſe ſtrange *Gorgonian* inſtruments. *Cric.* At what?
Pan. At this rare Perſpicill and Otacouſticon:
For with theſe two Ile heare and ſee all ſecrets,
Vndoe intelligencers. Pray let my man ſee
What's done in *Rome*; his eyee are juſt as yours are.
Ron. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wiſe and ſecret:
See you the ſteepe danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that theſe inſtruments have power
To unlocke the hidden'ſt cloſets of whole States?
And you reveale ſuch myſteries to a ſervant.
Sir be advis'd, or elſe you learne no more
Of our unknowne Philoſophy. *Pan.* Enough.
What newes from *Lelio?* ſhall I have his ſiſter?
Cric. He ſweares and vowes he never will conſent.
She ſhall not play with worne Antiquities,
Nor lye with Snow and Statutes; and ſuch replies
That I omit for reverence of your worſhip.
Pan. Not have his ſiſter? *Cricca* I will have *Flavia*,
Maugre his head: by meanes of this Aſtrologer

Ile enjoy *Flavia*. Are the ſtars yet inclin'd
To his divine approach? Ro. One minute brings him.
Cri. What Strologer? *Pan.* The learned man I told thee,
The high Almanack of *Germany*, an *Indian*
Far beyond *Trebeſond* and *Tripoli*,
Cloſe by the Worlds end a rare Conjurer,
And great Aſtrologer. His name, pray ſir?
Ron. Albumazarro Meteoroſcopico.
Cri. A name of force to hang him without triall.
Pan. As he excels in Science, ſo in Title.
He tels of loſt plate, horſes, and ſtrayd cattell
Directly, as he had ſtolne them all himſelfe.
Cri. Or he, or ſome of his confederates.
Pan As thou reſpects thy life, look to thy tongue,
Albumazar has an *Otacouſticon*.
Be ſilent, reverent, and admire his skill,
See what a promiſing countenance appeares:
Stand ſtill and wonder, wonder and ſtand ſtill.

ACT. 1. SCENE 5.

Albumazar, Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. *Ronca*, the bunch of Planets new found out
Hanging at the end of my beſt Perſpicill,
Send them to *Galileo* at *Padua*;
Let him beſtow them where he pleaſe. But the ſtars
Lately diſcovered twixt the horns of *Aries*,
Are as a preſent for *Pandolfoes* marriage,
And hence ſtil'd *Sidera Pandolfea*.
Pan. My marriage *Cricca*! he foreſees my marriage:
O moſt Celeſtiall *Albumazar*!
Cri. And ſends y' a preſent from the head of *Aries*.
Alb. My Almanack made for the Meridian
And height of *Iapan*, give't th' Eaſt Indy Company;
There may they ſmell the price of Cloves and Pepper,
Monkies and *China-diſhes* five yeers enſuing,

And

And know the succesſe of the voyage of *Magores*,
For in the volume of the Firmament,
We children of the ſtars read things to come,
As clearely as poore mortalls ſtories paſt
In *Speed* or *Hollingſhead*. *Ro.* The perpetuall motion
With a true larum in't to run twelve houres
'Fore *Mahomets* returne. *Alb.* Deliver it ſafe
To a Turky Factor, bid him with care preſent it
From me to the houſe of *Ottoman*. *Ro.* I will ſir,
Cric. Pray you ſtand here, and wonder now for me,
Be aſtoniſh't at his *Gorgon*, for I cannot.
Pan. Vpon my life he proves a meere impoſture.
Peace, not a word, be ſilent and admire.
Alb. As for the iſſue of the next ſummers warre,
Reveale't to none, keepe it to thy ſelfe in ſecret,
As a touch-ſtone of my skill in propheſie. Begon. *Ro.* I go ſir.
Alb. Signior *Pandolfo*, I pray you pardon mee,
Exoticall diſpatches of great conſequence
Staid me; and caſting the Nativity
O'th' *Cham* of *Tartary*, and a private conference
With a Mercuriall intelligence,
Y'are welcome in a good houre, better minute.
Beſt ſecond, happieſt third, fourth, fift, and ſcruple.
Let the twelve houſes of the Horoſcope
Be lodg'd with fortitudes, and fortunates,
To make you bleſt in your deſignes *Pandolfo*.
Pan. Wer't not much trouble to your ſtarry imployments,
I a poore mortall would intreat your furtherance
In a terreſtriall buſineſſe. *Alb.* My Emphemeris lies,
Or I foreſee your errant: thus 'tis thus.
You had a neighbour cal'd *Antonio*,
A widdower like your ſelfe, whoſe onely daughter,
Flavia you love, and he as much admir'd
Your Child *Sulpitia*. Is not this right?
Pan. Yes ſir: O ſtrange! *Cricca* admire in ſilence.
Alb. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purpos'd to truck daughters. Is't not ſo?

Pan. Iust as you say't. *Cricca* admire and wonder.
Cric. This no such secret: looke to your selfe, he'le cheate you.
Alb. *Antonio* after this match concluded,
Having great summes of gold in *Barbary*,
Desires of you before he consummate
The Rites of Matrimony, he might goe thither,
For three moneths; but as now 'tis three and three
Since he imbarkt, and is not yet return'd.
Now sir your businesse is to me, to know
Whether *Antonio* be dead or living.
Ile tell you instantly. *Pan.* Hast thou reveal'd it?
I told it none but thee. *Cric.* Not I. *Pan.* Why stare you?
Are you not well? *Alb.* I wander 'twixt the Poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst excentricalls,
Centers, concentrickes, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your businesse.
Cric. Meane ostentation! for shame awake your selfe.
Alb. And since the Lampe of Heaven is newly entred
Into Cancer, old *Antonio* is starke dead,
Drown'd in the Sea stone dead; for *radius directorius*
In the sixt house; and th' waning Moone by *Capricorne*,
He's dead, he's dead. *Cric.* 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The Moone growes fork't, and walkes with Capricorne.
Pan. Peace foole: these words are full of mysteric.
Alb. What ominous face and dismall countenance
Mark't for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that followes you. *Pan.* He is my servant,
A plaine and honest speaker, but no harme in him.
Cric. What see you in my face?
Alb. Horrour and darknesse, death and gallowses:
I'de sweare thou wert hang'd, stoodst thou but too foote higher;
But now the Starres threaten a nearer death:
Sir, send to toale his knell. *Pan.* What is he dead?
Alb. He shall be by the dint of many stabs:
Onely I spy a little hope of scaping
Through the clouds, and foule aspects of death,
Cric. Sir, pray give no credit to this cheater.

Or with his words of Art he'le make you dote
As much on his feign'd skill, as on faire *Flavia*.

ACT. 1. SCEE. 6.

Harpax. Furbo. Album. Pandolfo. Cricca.

Har. STay villaine, ſtay, though ſafety't ſelfe defend thee
Thou dyeſt, *Fur.* Come doe thy worſt, thruſt ſure, or die.
Cric. For heavens ſake Gentlemen ſtay your hands, helpe, helpe.
Helpe *Albumazar*. *Harp.* Thus to the hinderer
Of my revenge. *Cric.* Save me *Albumazar*.
Furb. And thus, and thus, and thus. *Cric.* Maſter, I dye, I dye.
Harp. Flieſt thou baſe coward? 'tis not thy heels can ſave thee.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 7.

Album. Pand. Cric.

Cric. OH, oh! *Pan.* What ailes thee *Cricca*? *Cri.* I am dead, I (am dead.
Trouble your ſelf no more. *Pan.* What dead & ſpeak'ſt?
Cric. Onely there's left a litle breath to tell you.
Pan. Why where art hurt? *Cric.* Stab'd with a thouſand daggers.
My heart, my lights, my liver, and my skinne
Pierſt like a ſive. *Pan.* Here's not a wound, ſtand up,
'Tis but thy feare. *Cric.* 'Tis but one wound all over:
Softly, oh ſoftly: you have loſt the trueſt ſervant. Farewell I die.
Alb. Live by my courteſie, ſtand up and breath.
The dangerous and malignant influence is paſt:
But thanke my charity that put by the blowes.
The leaſt of which threatned a dozen graves.
Now learne to ſcoffe divine Aſtrology,
And ſlight her ſervants. *Cri.* A Surgion, good ſir, a Surgeon.
Pan. Th'art well, th'art well. *Cric.* Now I perceive I am:
I pray you pardon me Divine Aſtrologer.

Alb. I doe, but hence-forth laugh at Astrology,
And call her servants Cheaters.
Pan. Now to our businesse: on good *Albumazar*,
Albu. Now since the moone passeth from Capricorne,
Through Aquarius to the watry signe of Pisces,
Antonio's drownd, and is devour'd by fishes.
Pan. Is't certaine? *Alb.* Certaine. *Pan.* Then let my earnestnes
Intreat your skill a favour. *Alb.* It shall, but first
I'le tell you what you meane to aske me. *Pan.* Strange!
Alb. *Antonio* dead that promised you his daughter,
Your businesse is to entreat me raise his Ghost,
And force it stay at home till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so returne to rest.
Pan. That; that, y'have hit it, most divine *Albumazar*.
Alb. Tis a hard thing; for *de privationa ad habitū non datur re-* (*gressus*:
O what a businesse! what a Master piece
Tis to raise up his Ghost whose body's eaten
By fish. This worke desires a planetary intelligence
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol*, and these great Spirits
Are proud, phantasticall: It askes much charges,
To entice them from the guiding of their Spheares (no cost.
To waite on mortalls. *Pan.* So I may have my purpose, spare for
Alb. Sir, spare your purse, Ile do it an easier way;
The worke shall cost you nothing.
We have an Art is cald *Præstigiatory*,
That deales with spirits and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges: with one of these
Ile change some servant or good friend of yours
To the perfect shape of this *Antonio*:
So like in face, behaviour, speech, and action,
That all the Towne shall sweare *Antonio* lives.
Pan. Most necromanticall Astrologer,
Doe this, and take me for your servant ever.
And for your paines, after the transformation
This chaine is yours, it cost two hundred pound,
Beside the Jewel. *Al.* After the worke is finish't, then how now?

What

What lines are these that looke sanguineous?
As if the stars conjur'd to do you mischiefe?
Pan. How? mean you me? *Alb.* They're dusky marks of *Saturne*,
It seems some stone shall fall upon your head,
Threatning a fracture of the *Pericranium*.
Pan. *Cricca*, come hither, fetch me my staffe again,
Threescore and ten's return'd: A generall Palsie
Shakes out the love of *Flavia* with a feare.
Is there no remedy? *Alb.* Nothing but patience.
The Planet threatens so, whose prey you are.
The Stars and Planets daily war together.
For should they stand at truce but one halfe houre
This wondrous Machin of the world would ruine.
Who can withstand their powerfull influence?
Pan. You with your wisdome, good *Albumazar*.
Alb. Indeed th' *Egyptian* Ptolomy the wise,
Pronounc't it as an Oracle of truth; *Sapiens dominabitur astris*.
Who's above there? *Ronca* bring down the cap
Made in the point of *Mercury* being ascendent:
Here put it on, and in your hand this Image,
Fram'd on a Tuesday when the fierce of warre
Mounted th' Horizon in the signe of *Arries*.
With these walke as unwounded as *Achilles*,
Dipt by his mother *Thetis*. *Pan.* You bind me to your service.
Alb. Next get the man you purpose to transforme,
And meet me here. *Pan.* I will not fail to finde you.
Alb. Mean while with *Sciofericall* instrument,
By way of *Azimuth* and *Almicantarath*
Ile seek some happy point in Heven for you.
Pan. I rest your servant sir. *Al.* Let all the Stars
Guide you with most propitious influence.

ACT. 1. SCENE 8.

Pandolfo. Cricca.

Pan. HEre's a strange man indeed, of skil profound?
How right he knew my busines, fore he saw me?

And

And how thou skoftſt him when we talkt in private.
Tis a brave inſtrument his Otacouſticon.

Cric. In earneſt ſir, I tooke him for a cheater:
As many, under name of cunning men,
With promiſe of Aſtrology, much abuſe
The gaping vulgar, wronging that ſacred skill,
That in the ſtarres reads all our actions.

Pan. Is there no Archers o're our heads? look *Cricca.*

Cric. None but the Arch of heaven, that cannot fall.

Pan. Is not that made of Marble? I have read
A ſtone dropt from the Moone; and much I feare
The fit ſhould take her now, and voyd another.

Cric. Feare nothing ſir, this charmed *Mercuriall* cup
Shields from the fall of mountaines: 'tis not a ſtone
Can checke his Art, walke boldly. *Pan.* I doe, let's in.

Finis Act. 1.

Act. 2. *Scœne* 1.

Trincalo, Armellina.

Trincalo.

HE that ſaith I am not in love, he lyes *De cap a pe*; For I am idle, choicely neate in my cloathes, valiant, and extreame witty: My meditations are loaded with metaphors, and ſongs ſonnets: Not a one ſhakes his tayle, but I ſigh out a paſſion: thus doe I to my Miſtris; but alas I kiſſe the dogge, and ſhe kicks me. I never ſee a young wanton Filly, but ſay I, there goes *Armellina*; nor a luſty ſtrong Aſſe, but I remember my ſelfe, and ſit downe to conſider what a goodly race of Mules would inherit, if ſhe were willing: onely I want utterance, and that's a maine marke of love too. *Arm. Trincalo, Trincalo.*

Trinc. O 'tis *Armellina*: now if ſhe have the wit to beginne, as I meane ſhe ſhould, then will I confound her with complements drawne

drawn from the Playes I see at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learn all the words I spake and understand not.

Arm. *Trincalo*, what price bears Wheat, and Saffron, that your band's so stiffe and yellow? not a word? why *Trincalo*! what businesse in Town? how do all at Totnam? grown mute? What do you bring from the Country?

Trin. There'tis. Now are my floud-gates drawn, and Ile surround her. What have I brought sweet bit of beauty? a hundred thousand salutations o'th'elder house to your most illustrious Honour and Worship.

Arm. To me these Titles? is your basket full of nothing else?

Trin. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendant Lady; a present to your worthinesse from your Worships poore vassall *Trincalo*.

Arm. My life on't, he scrap't these complements from his Cart the last load hee carried for the Progresse. What ha you read that may you grow so eloquent?

Trin. Sweet Madam, I read nothing but the lines of your Ladiships countenance, and desire onely to kisse the skirts of your garments, if you vouchsafe mee not the happinesse of your white hands.

Arm. Come, gives your basket and take it.

Tri. O sweet! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breath, but at my nosthrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. *Armellina*, I must tell you a secret if you'le make much on't.

Arm. As it deserves: what is 't?

Trin. I love you, dear morsell of modesty, I love: and so truly, that Ile make you Mistris of my thoughts, Lady of my revenews, and commit all my moveables into your hands, that is, I give you an earnest kisse in the high way of Matrimony.

Arm. This is the end of all this businesse?

Trin. Is this the end of all this businesse, most beautifull, and most worthy to be most beautifull Lady.

Arm. Hence foole, hence.

Trin. Why now she knows my meaning, let it work: She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket: Tis a plaine signe, she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning; O lips, no lips, but leaves besmeared with mel-dew! O dew no dew, but

drops of Hony combs! O combs no combs, but fountains full of teares! O teares no teares, but——

ACT. 2. SCENE 2.

Pandolfo. Trincalo.

Pan. CRicca denyes me: no perſwaſions.
Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform.
Yonder's my Country Farmer *Trincalo*.
Never in fitter time good *Trincalo*.
Tri. Like a lean horſe t' a freſh and luſty paſture.
Pan. What rent doſt pay me for thy Farm at *Totnam*?
Tri. Ten pound; and find't too deare a peny-worth.
Pan. My hand here: take it rent-free for three lives,
To ſerve me in a buſineſſe *Ile* employ thee.
Tri. Serve you? Ile ſerve, reſerve, conſerve, preſerve.
Deſerve you for th'one halfe, O *Armellina*,
A joynture, hay a joynture! what's your employment?
Pan. Heres an Aſtrologer has a wondrous ſecret
To transforme men to other ſhapes, and perſons.
Trin. How? transform things to men? Ile bring nine Taylors
Refus'd laſt Muſter, ſhall give five Marks a piece
To ſhape three men of ſervice out of all,
And grant him the remnant ſhreds above the bargain.
Pan. Now if thou'lt let him change thee, take this leaſe;
Drawn ready; pnt what lives thou pleaſeſt. *Tri.* Stay, Sir.
Say I am transformd; who ſhall enjoy the leaſe?
I? or the perſon I muſt turn to. *Pan.* Thou,
Thou. The reſemblance laſts but one whole day:
Then home true Farmer, as thou wert before.
Trin. Where ſhall poor *Trincalo* be? how's this transformd?
Tranſmuted? how? not I: I love my ſelf
Better then ſo: theres no leaſe. I'de not venter
For the whole fee-ſimple. *Pan.* Tell me the difference
Betwixt a fool and a wiſe man.

As

As twixt your Worſhip and my ſelf. *Pan.* A wiſe man,
Accepts all fair occaſions of advancement,
Flyes no commodity for feares of danger,
Venters and gains, lives eaſily, drinks good wine,
Fares neatly, 's richly cloath'd in worthieſt company,
While your poor Fool and Clown, for fear of perill,
Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bed ward,
And wakes all night for want of moyſture. *Trin.* Well, ſir,
I'de rather ſtarve in this my loved Image,
Then hazard thus my life, for others looks.
Change is a kinde of death, I dare not try it.
Pan. 'Tis not ſo dangerous as thou tak'ſt it, wee'l only
Alter thy count'nance for a day. Imagine,
Thy face mask't only: or that thou dream'ſt all night
Thou wer't apparell'd in *Antonio's* form
And waking find'ſt thy ſelf true *Trincalo*.
Trin. *Antonio's* forme? was not *Antonio* a Gentleman?
Pan. Yes, and a neighbour, that's his houſe. *Trin.* O ho!
Now do I ſmell th'Aſtrologers trick: hee'l ſteep me
In ſouldiers bloud; or boyle me in a Caldron
Of Barbarous Law French: Or anoint me over
With ſupply oile of great mens ſervices.
For theſe three means raiſe Yeomen to the Gentry.
Pardon me ſir: I hate thoſe medicines. Fy!
All my poſterity will ſmell and taſt on't
Long as the houſe of *Trincalo* endures.
Pan. There's no ſuch buſineſſe, thou ſhalt only ſeem ſo
And this deceive *Antonio's* family.
Trin. Are you aſſur'd? 'twould grieve me to be brayed
In a huge mortar, wrought to paſte, and moulded
To this *Antonioes* mould: Grant I be turnd: what then?
Pan. Enter his houſe, be reverenc'd by his ſervants,
And give his daughter *Flavia* to me in marriage.
The circumſtances ile inſtruct thee after.
Trin. Pray give me leave: this ſide ſayes do't, this do not,
Before I leave you *Tom Trincalo* take my counſell.
Thy Miſtris *Armelina* is *Antonioes* maid,

And thou in his shape mayst possesse her. Turn.
But if I be *Antonio*, then *Antonio*
Enjoyes that happinesse, not *Trincalo*.
A pretty trick to make my selfe a Cuckold.
No, no; there, take your Lease. Ile hang first. Soft,
Be not so cholerick *Thomas*: If I become *Antonio*,
Then all his riches follow. This fair occasion
Once vanish't, hope not the like; of a stark Clown
I shall appeare speck and span Gentleman.
A pox of Ploughs, and Carts, and Whips and Horses.
Then *Armellina* shall be given to *Trincalo*,
Three hundred Crowns her portion: wee'le get a boy
And call him *Transformation Trincalo*,
Ile do't, sir. *Pan.* Art resolv'd? *Trin.* Resolv'd tis done:
With this condition: after I have given your Worship
My daughter *Flavia*, you shall then move my Worship
And much intreat me to bestow my Maid
Upon my selfe, I should say *Trincalo*.
Pan. Content, and for thy sake will make her portion
Two hundred Crowns. *Trin.* Now are you much deceiv'd;
I never meant it. *Pan.* How? *Tri.* I did but jest.
And yet my hand, Ile do't. For I am mutable,
And therefore apt to change: Come, come sir, quickly,
Lets to th'Astrologer, and there transforme,
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure.
I loath this Country countenance; dispatch: my skin
Itches like Snaks in Aprill, to be stript off.
Quickly, O quickly, as you love *Flavia*, quickly.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Albumazar. Pandolfo. Ronca. Trinc.

Alb. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, y'arrive in happiest houre.
If the seven Planets were your neerest kindred,
And all the Constellations your allies:
Were the twelve houses, and the Innes o'th Zodiack

Your

Your own fee-ſimple; they could never have choſen
A fitter place to favour your deſires.
For the great Luminaries look from Hilech,
And midſt of Heaven in Angels, conjunctions,
And fortunate aſpects, a Trine and Sextile,
Ready to powre propitious influences.
Pan. Thanks to your power, and court'ſie that ſo plac'd them.
That is the man that's ready for the buſineſſe.
Alb. Of a moſt happy count'nance, and timber fit
To ſquare to th' Gentry: his looks as apt for changing,
As he were cov'red with Camelions skins.
Trin. Except my hands; and 'twill be troubleſome
To fit theſe fingers to *Antonio's* gloves.
Pan. Pray let's about the work as ſoon as may be,
Alb. Firſt chooſe a large low room, whoſe door's full Eaſt,
Or neer inclining: for th' Orientall quarter's
Moſt bountifull of favours. *Pan.* I have a parler
Of a great ſquare and height, as you deſire it.
Alb. Southward muſt look a wide and ſpacious window:
For howſoever *Omar*, *Alchabitius*,
Hali, *Albenezra*, ſeem ſomthing to diſſent:
Yet *Zoroaſtres*, ſonne of *Oromaſus*,
Hiarcha, *Brachman*, *Theſpion*, *Gymnoſophiſt*,
Gebir, and *Budda Babylonicus*,
With all the ſubtile *Cabaliſts* and *Chaldees*.
Sweare the beſt influence: for our Metamorphoſis
Stoops from the South, or as ſome ſay, South-eaſt.
Pan. This room's, as fit as you had made it of purpoſe.
Tri. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Tingle, and dwindle to th' ſmalneſſe of a bed-ſtaffe.
Such a ſpeech more turns my high ſhooes ſtrait boots.
Ron. Nere were thoſe Authors cited to better purpoſe,
For through that window all *Pandolfoes* treaſures
Muſt take their flight and fall upon my ſhoulders.
Alb. Now if this light Meridionall had a large caſement
That over-look't ſome unfrequented alley,
Twere much more proper for th' Intelligences

Are nice and coy, ſcorning to mixe their eſſence
With throng'd diſturbance of croſſe multitudes.
Ron. Spoken by art *Albumazar*, a provident ſetter,
For ſo ſhall we receive what thou handſt out
Free from from diſcovery. But in my conſcience
All windows point full South for ſuch a buſineſſe.
Pan. Go to my houſe, ſatisfie your curious choice,
But credit me, this parler's fit, it neighbours
To a blind alley, that in buſieſt Term-time
Feels not the footing of one paſſenger:
Alb. Now then declining from *Theourgia*,
Artenoſaria, *Pharmacia*, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coſcinomancy,
With other vain and ſuperſtitious Sciences,
Wee'l anchor at the art Preſtigiatory,
That repreſents one figure for another,
With ſmooth deceit abuſing th'eyes of mortals.
Tri. O my right arme! 'tis alter'd, and me thinks
Longs for a ſword: theſe words have ſlain a Plow-man.
Alb. And ſince the Moon's the only Planet changing:
For from the *Neomenia* in ſeven dayes
To the *Dicotima*, in ſeven more to th' *Panſelinum*,
And in as much from *Plenilunium*
Thorow *Dicotima* to *Neomenia*,
'Tis ſhe muſt help us in this operation.
Tri. What Towns are theſe? the ſtrangeneſſe of theſe names,
Hath ſcal'd the marks of many a painfull harveſt,
And made my new pil'd finger itch for dice.
Pan. Deeply conſidred wondrous *Albumazar*:
O let me kiſſe thoſe lips that flow with ſcience.
Alb. For by her various looks ſhe intimates
To underſtanding ſoules, that onely ſhe
Hath power t'effect a true formation.
Cauſe then your parler to be kept carefully,
Waſht, rubb'd, perfum'd, hang'd round from top to bottome
With pure white lunary Tapſtry, or needle-work;
But if 'twere cloth of ſilver, 'twere much better.

Ron.

Ron Good good! a rich beginning: good! whats next?

Alb. Spread all the floore with fineſt holland ſheets,
And over them faire damaske Table-cloaths,
Above all theſe draw me chaſt Virgins aprons
The room, the work, and workman muſt be pure.

Trin. With Virgins aprons? the whole compaſſe of this City
Can not afford a dozen. *Ron.* So, there's ſhirts
And bands to furniſh all on's for a twelve-moneth.

Alb. An altar in the midſt, loaded with plate
Of ſilver Baſons, Yewres, Cups, Candleſticks,
Flaggons and Beakers, Salts, Chargers, Caſting-bottles.
Twere not amiſſe to mix ſome bowles of gold,
So they be maſſie; the better to reſemble
The lovely brother-hood of *Sol* and *Luna*.
Alſo ſome Diamonds for *Jupiter*.
For by the whiteneſſe and bright ſparkling luſtres
We allure th' Intelligences to deſcend.

Ron. *Furbo* and I are thoſe Intelligences
That muſt attend upon the Magiſtery.

Alb. Now for the ceremonious Sacrifice,
Provide ſuch creatures as the Moon delights in,
Two ſucking Lambs, white as the Alpine ſnow:
Yet if they have a mole or two, twill paſſe.
The Moon her ſelf wants not her pots. *Pan.* Tis true.

Ron. Were they hel-black, we'de make a ſhift to eat them.

Alb. White Capons, Pheaſants, Pigeons: one little Black-bird
Would ſtain and ſpoyle the work. Get ſeverall Wines
To quench the holy embers: Rheniſh, Greek wine,
White Muskadell, Sherry, and rich Canary,
So't be not grown too yellow: for the quicker,
Briſker, and older, the better for theſe ceremonies.
The more abundance, ſooner ſhall we finiſh.
For 'tis our rule in ſuch like buſineſſes,
Who ſpares moſt, ſpends moſt: either this muſt doo't,
Or th'reſolution of five-hundred yeers
Cannot: ſo fit are all the Heavens to help us.

Ron. A thouſand thanks, thou'lt make a compleat cheat,

Thus

Thus loaded with this treaſure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthned with meat: wee'l carry thee in triumph,
As the great Generall of our atchievement.
Pan. Sir, for rich plate and jewels I have ſtore,
But know not how to furniſh you with hangings.
Alb. Cannot you borrow from the ſhops? foure houres
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.
Pan. That can I eaſily do. *Alb.* And here you ſit
If you chance meet with boxes of white Comfits,
Marchpane, and dry Sucket, Macarouns and Diet-bread,
'Twill help on well. *Ronc.* To furniſh out our Banquet.
Alb. I had clean forgot, we muſt have Amber-greece,
The grayeſt can be found, ſome dozen ounces,
Ile uſe but halfe a dram: but tis our faſhion
T'offer a little from a greater lumpe.
Pan. All ſhall be done with expedition.
Alb. And when your man's transform'd the chain you promiſd,
Pan. My hand: my deeds ſhall wait upon my promiſe:
Alb. Lead then with happy foot to view the chamber.
Pan. I go ſir, *Trincalo* attend us here,
And not a word on perill of thy life.
Trin. Sir, if they kill me Ile not ſtir a foot,
And if my tongue's puld out, not ſpeak a word.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 4.

Trincalo. Cricca,

Trin. O What a buſineſſe 'tis to be transform'd!
My maſter talks of four and twenty houres,
But if I miſſe theſe Flags of Yeomanry,
Guild in the ſeat, and ſhine in the bloom of Gentry,
Tis not their Strologie, nor Sacrifice,
Shall force me caſt that coat. Ile never part with't
Till I be Shriefe of th'County, and in commiſſion
Of Peace and *Quorum*. Then will I get m'a Clarke,
A practiz'd fellow, wiſer then my Worſhip.

And

And dominere amongſt my fearefull neighbours,
And feaſt them bountifully with their own bribes. *Cri. Trincalo!*
Tri. 'Tweare a gold chaine at every quarter Seſſions,
Looke big, and grave, and ſpeak not one wiſe word. *Cri Trincalo!*
Tri Examine wenches got with child, and curiouſly
Search all the circumſtances: have blank *Mittimuſſes*
Printed in readineſſe: breath nought but Sirra,
Rogue, ha? how? hum? Conſtable looke to your charge.
Then vouch a Statute and a Latine Sentence,
Wide from the matter. *Cri. Trincalo. Tri.* Licence all Alehouſes,
Match my Son *Tranſformation* t'a Knights daughter,
And buy a bouncing Pedigree of a welch Herald: and then---
Cri. What in ſuch ſerious meditations?
Tri. Faith no; but building Caſtles in the Ayre,
While th'weathers fit: O *Cricca*, ſuch a buſineſſe!
Cri. What is't? *Tri.* Nay ſoft, th'are ſecrets to my maſter;
Lock'd in my breſt: he has the key at's purſe ſtrings.
Cri. My maſters ſecret? keep it good Farmer, keep it,
I would not lend an eare to't if thou didſt hire me. Fare-well.
Tri. O how it boyles and ſwels: if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t'impoſtume in my breſt, and choake me, *Cricca.*
Cri. Adieu good *Trincalo*, the ſecrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't. *Tri.* But hear'ſt thou,
Say I ſhould tell, canſt keep't as cloſe as I doe?
Cri. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu. *Tri. Albumazar.*
Cri. Fare-well. *Tri. Albumazar. Cri.* Pre'thee. *Tr. Albumazar*,
Th'Aſtrologer hath undertooke to change me
T'*Antonio's* ſhape: this done, muſt I give *Flauia*
To my old maſter, and his maid to *Trincalo*.
Cri. But where's *Pandolfo* and *Albumazar*?
Tri. Gone newly home to chooſe a chamber fitting
For tranſmutation: So now my heart's at eaſe.
Cri. I feare the skill and cunning of *Albumazar*
With his black Art, by whom *Pandolfo* ſeekes
To compaſſe *Flavia*, ſpight of her brother *Lelio*,
And his owne Son *Eugenio* that loves her dearely,
I'le looſe no time, but finde them and reveale

The plot and work to croſſe this accident.
But *Trincalo*, art thou ſo faſh and ventrous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?
Trin. What care I for a life, that have a Leaſe
For three: But I am certain there's no danger in't.
Cric. No danger, cut thy finger and that pains thee;
Then what wilt do to ſhred and mince thy carkaſſe,
Bury't in horſe-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T' *Antonio*: and when th'art chang'd, if *Lelio*
Smell out your plot, what words of puniſhment
Thou muſt endure, poore *Trincalo*! the deſire
Of gains abuſes thee: be not transform'd.
Trin. *Cricca*, thou underſtandeſt not: for *Antonio*
Whom I reſemble, ſuffers all: not I.
Cri. Yonder they come, ile hence and haſte to *Lelio*.

ACT. 2. SCENE 5.

Albumazar. Pandolfo. Cricca.

Alb. THe Chamber's fit: provide the plate and hangings,
And other neceſſaries: give ſtrict order
The Room be cleans'd, perfum'd and hangd, mean while,
With Aſtralobe, and Meteoroſcope,
Ile finde the Cuſpe and Alfridaria,
And know what Planet is in Cazimi.
Pan. All ſhall be ready ſir, as you command it.
Trin. Doctor *Albumazar*, I have a vain of drinking,
And artery of Leachery runs through my body:
Pray when you turn me Gentleman, preſerve
Thoſe two, if't may be done with Reputation.
Alb. Feare not, ile only call the firſt, good fellowſhip,
And th'other, civill Recreation.
Tri. And when you come to th'heart, ſpoile not the love of *Ar-*
And in my brain leave as much Diſcretion (*melina*
As may ſpy falſhood in a Tavern reckoning;
And let me alone for Bounty to wink and pay't.

And

And if you change me perfectly,
Ile bring y'a dozen Knights for customers.
Alb. I warrant thee: sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries? *Pan.* Th'are in my Table-book.
Alb. Forget not clothes for th' new transform'd, and robes
For me to sacrifice, you know the fashion.
Ile rather change five, then apparell one:
For men have living soules, clothes are unanimate.
Pan. Here take this Ring, deliver it to my brother,
An Officer in the Wardrobe, hee'l furnish you
With Robes and Clothes of any stuffe or fashion.
Alb. *Almuten Alchochoden* of the stars attend you.
Pan. I kisse your hands divine Astrologer.

ACT. 2. SCENE 6.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. VP quickly *Trincalo* to my child *Sulpitia*,
Bid her lay out my fairest Damaske Table-clothes,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver Plate
Two Goslips cups of gold: my greatest Diamonds:
Make haste. *Trin.* As fast as *Alchochoden* and *Almuten*
Can carry me: for sure these two are Devils.
Pan. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Foure houres attendance, till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the lovely armes of *Flavia*: Away *Trincalo*.
How slow the day slides on! When we desire
Times haste, it seems to lose a match with Lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why *Trincalo*!
Trin. Here sir. *Pan.* Come let's away for cloth of silver,
Wine and materials for the Sacrifice.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

Lelio, Eugenio, Cricca.

Le. Eugenio, these words are wonders past belief.

Is your old Father of so poore a judgement
To think it in the power of man to turn
One person to another. *Eug.* *Lelio*, his desire
T'enjoy your sister *Flavia*, begets hope,
Which like a waking dream, makes false apparence
Lively as truth it selfe. *Le.* But who's the man
That works these miracles? *Eug.* An Astrologer.
Le. How deals Astrologie with transmutation?
Cri. Under the vaile and colour of Astrologie,
He clouds his hellish skill in Necromancy.
Believe it, by some Art, or false imposture,
Hee'l much disturbe your love, and yours, *Eugenio*.
Le. *Eugenio*, tis high time for t' awake.
And as you love our *Flavia*, and I
Your sister faire *Sulpitia*; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who fals into a Sea,
Swolne big with tempest, but he boldly beares
The waves with arms and legs, to save his Life.
So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of Love,
With our best power, lest after we ascribe
The losse to our dull negligence, not Fortune.
Eug. *Lelio*, had I no interest in your sister,
The holy League of friendship should command me,
Besides the seconding *Sulpitia's* love,
Who to your noblenesse commends her life.
Le. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me,
For th' sacred name wherof, I have rejected
Your fathers offers, importunities,
Letters, Conditions, Servants, Friends, and lastly
He's tender of *Sulpitia* in Exchange
For *Flavia*. But though I love your sister
Like mine own soule; yet did the Laws of Friendship
Master that strong affection; and denied him.
Eug. Thanks ever, and as long shalt my best service
Wait on your will. *Cricca* our hope's in thee,
Thou must instruct us. *Cri.* You must trust in Fortune
That makes or mars the wisest purposes.

Le.

Le. What sayst? what thinkst? *Cri.* Here's no great need of
Not speech; the oile of Scorpions cures their poyson. (thinking
The thing it selfe that's bent to hurt and hinder you
Offers a remedy: tis no sooner known
But th'worst on't is prevented. *Eug.* How good *Cricca?*
Cri. Soon as you see this false *Antonio*
Come neere your dores with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion:
With long narrations how he scapt't from shipwrack
And other faind inventions of his dangers:
Bid him be gone; and if he presse to enter,
Feare not the reverence of your fathers looks,
Cudgell him thence. *Le.* But were't not better *Cricca*
Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,
And so by open course of Law correct him.
Cri. No. For my master would conceive that counsell
Sprung from my brains: and so should I repent it.
Advise no more, but home and charge your people,
That if *Antonio* come, they drive him thence
With threatning words, and blows if need be. *Lel.* 'Tis done.
I kisse your hands *Eugenio.* *Eug.* Your servant sir.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 8.

Eugenio. Cricca. Flavia.

Eug. *Cricca* commend my service to my Mistris.
Cri. Commend it t'her your self. Mark't you not while
We talk't, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she's. *Eug.* 'True.
And as from nights of Storms the glorious Sun
Breaks from the East, and chaseth thence the Clouds
That choakt the Ayre with horrour, so her beauty
Dispels sad darknesse from my troubled thoughts,
And cleers my heart. *Fla.* Life of my soule well met.
Eug. How is't my deerest *Flavia?* *Fla.* *Eugenio,*
As best becomes a woman, most unfortunate.

That having lov'd so long, and been perswaded
Her chast affection was by yours required.
Have by delayes been famish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your vertue kindled, then y'had slied,
Intreated, sworne, and vow'd, and long ere this
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now. *Eug.* Sweet soule despaire not, weep not thus,
Unlesse you wish my heart should life-blood drop.
Fast as your eyes do teares. What is't you feare?
Fla. First, that you love me not. *Eug.* Not love my *Flavia*?
Wrong not your judgement: rip up this amorous brest
And in that Temple see a heart that burnes
I'th' Vestall sacrifice of chastest love,
Before your beauties Deitie. *Fla.* If so,
Whence grows this coldnesse in soliciting
My brother to the match? *Eug.* Consider sweetest,
I have a father Rivall in my love:
And though no duty, reverence, nor respect
Have power to change my thoughts: yet tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will;
But by faire courses try to divert his minde
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor feare of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall crosse our purposes.
Comfort your selfe sweet *Flavia*: for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.
Fla. But other feares oppresse me: me thinks I see
Antonio my old father, new return'd,
Whom all intelligence have drown'd this three moneths,
Enforcing me to marry the foole *Pandolfe*,
Thus to obtain *Sulpitia* for himselfe.
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so scar'd, that if you haste not (we most desire,
Expect my death. *Eug.* Dreams flow from thoughts of things
Or feare, and seldome prove true Prophets, would they did.
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best *Flavia*: as I hope I shall be.

Cric.

Cri. Sir, pray take your leave; this to no end,
'Twill but increase your griefe and hers. *Eug.* Farewell,
Sweet *Flavia*, rest contented with assurance
Of my best love and service. *Fla.* Farewell, *Eugenio.*

ACT. 2. SCENE. 9.

Salpitia. Flavia.

Sul. FLavia I kisse your hands.

Fla. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I saw you not.

Sul. Ifaith you have some fixt thoughts draw your eyes inward when you see not your friends before you.

Fla. True, and I think the same that trouble you.

Sul. Then 'tis the love of a yong Gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old Dotard.

Fla. 'Tis so, witnesse your brother *Eugenio*, and the rotten carkase of *Bandolfo*. Had I a hundred hearts, I should want roome to entertain his love, and the other's hate.

Sul. I could say as much, were't not sinne to slander the dead. Miserable wenches, how have we offended our fathers, that they should make us the price of their dotage, the medcines of their griefs, that have more need of Physick our selves? I must be frost-bitten with the cold of your Dads Winter, that mine may thaw his old Ice with the Spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mother that left me a womans will in her last Testament: That's all the weapons wee poore Girles can use, and with that will I fight 'gainst father, friends, and kindred, and either enjoy *Lelio*, or die in the field in's quarrell.

Fla. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your fortune with so merry a resolution.

Sul. Why? should I twine mine armes to cables, and sigh my soule to ayre? Sit up all night like a Watching Candle, and distill my brains through my eye-lids? your brother loves mee, and I love your brother; and where these two consent, I would faine see a third could hinder us.

Fla.

Fla. Alas, our Sex is most wretched, nurst up from infancy in continuall slavery. No sooner able to pray for our selves, but they brayle and hud us so with sowre awe of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure; wee poore soules must take up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother.

Sul. I plainly will professe my love of *Lelio*, tis honest, chast, and stains not modesty. Shall I be married to *Antonio*, that hath been a foust Sea-fish, this three moneths! and if he be alive comes home with as many impaire, as a Hunting Gelding fal'ne Pack-horse. No, no, Ile see him freeze to Christall first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse if I like not. *Lelio's* a handsome Gentleman, yong, fresh, rich, and well fashioned, and him will *Sulpitia* have, or die a maid: And ifaith, the temper of my blood tels mee I was never borne to so cold a misfortune. Fie *Flavia*, fie wench, no more with teares and sighs, cheere up, *Eugenio* to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him: I say you shall have him.

Fla. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares worke against so great a Rivall: your father in a spleene may disinherit him.

Sul. And give't to whom? has none but him and mee: What though he dote awhile upon your beauty; hee will not prove unnaturall to his sonne. Go to your chamber: my Genius whispers in my care, and sweares this night we shall enjoy our loves, and with that hope farewell. *Fla.* Farewell *Sulpitia*.

Finis Act. 2.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Pandolfo. Cricca.

Pan. WHile the Astrologer hews out *Trincalo*,
Squaring and framing him t' *Antonio*,
Cricca Ile make thee partner of a thought

That

That ſomething trouble me. *Cri.* Say ſir, what is't?
Pan. I have no heart to give *Albumazar*
The chain I promiſt him. *Cri.* Deliver it me
And Ile preſent it to him in your name.
Pan. 'Thas been an Aire-loom to our houſe foure hundred yeers,
And ſhould I leave it now, I feare good fortune
Would flie from us, and follow it. *Cri.* Then give him
The price in gold. *Pan.* It comes to a hundred pounds.
And how would that well husbanded grow in time?
I was a foole to promiſe, I confeſſe it,
I was too hot and forward in the buſineſſe.
Cri. Indeed I wondred that your wary thriftineſſe
Not wont to drop one peny in a quarter
Idly, would part with ſuch a ſumme ſo eaſily.
Pan. My covetous thrift aymes at no other marke
Then in fit time and place to ſhew my bounty.
Who gives continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But for the love of my deare *Flavia*
I would not ſpare my life, much leſſe my treaſure.
Yet if with honour I can winne her cheaper,
Why ſhould I caſt away ſo great ſumme?
Cri. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain
How you may handſomely preſerve your credit,
And ſave the chain. *Pan.* I would gladly do it,
But feare he underſtands us what we ſay.
Cri. What can you loſe to try't, if it take (good *Cricca?*
There's ſo much ſav'd, if otherwiſe, nothing loſt. *Pan.* What is't
Cri. Soon as *Albumazar* comes, loaded with news
Of th' tranſmutation of your ſervant *Trincalo*,
Ile entertain him here meanwhile ſteal you
Cloſely into the Room, and quickly hide
Some ſpeciall piece of Plate: Then run out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the Street may know y'are rob'd.
Next threaten to attach him and accuſe him
Before a Iuſtice, and in th'end agree
If he reſtore the Plate, you'le give the Chain,

Otherwiſe not. *Pan.* But if we be diſcov'red
For by his Inſtruments and Familiars
He can do much. *Cri.* Lay all the fault on *Trincalo*.
But here's the mayn point. If you can diſſemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to expreſſe
Pitty and anger, that ſo learn'd a man
Should uſe his friend ſo baſely: if you can call
An out-cry well, roare high and terrible.
Pan. Ile fetch a cry from th' bottome of my heels
But Ile roare loud enough; and thou muſt ſeeond me
With wonder at the ſudden accident.
Cri. But yours is the mayn part, for as you play't
You win or loſe the chain. *Pan.* No more, no more, he comes.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, three quarters of an houre
Renders your ſervant perfectly tranſform'd.
Cri. Is he not wholy chang'd? what parts are wanting?
Alb. *Antonio's* ſhape hath cloath'd his bulk and viſage,
Onely his hands and feet, ſo large and callous,
Require more time to ſupple. *Cri.* Pray you ſir
How long ſhall he retain this Metamorphoſis?
Alb. The compleat circle of a naturall day.
Cri. A naturall day? Are any days unnaturall?
Alb. I mean the revolution o'th firſt mover,
Juſt twice twelve houres, in which period the rapt motion
Rowles all the Orbs from Eaſt to Occident. (theeves, theeves!
Pan. Help, help, theeves, theeves, neighbours I am rob'd,
Cri. What a noyſe make you ſir? *Pan.* Have I not reaſon
That thus am rob'd, theeves, theeves, call Conſtables,
The Watch and Serjeants, Friends, and Conſtables,
Neighbours I am undone. *Cri.* This well begun
So he hold out ſtill with a higher ſtrain.
What ayles you ſir? *Pan.* *Cricca* my chamber's ſpoild

Of

Of all my hangings, clothes, and ſilver plate.
Cri. Why, this is bravely fain'd; continue ſir.
Pan. Lay all the Goldſmith, Keepers, Marſhals, Bayliffes.
Cri. Fie ſir, your paſſion fals, cry louder, roare
That all the Street may heare. *Pan.* Theeves, theeves, theeves!
All that I had is gone, and more then all.
Cri. Ha, ha, ha: hold out; lay out a Lyons throat,
A little lowder. *Pan.* I can cry no longer,
My throat's ſore, I am rob'd, all's gone.
Both my own treaſure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I have loſt my voyce:
Cry fire, and then they'l heare thee. *Cri.* Good, good, theeves,
What ha you loſt? *Pan.* Wine, jewels, table-clothes,
A Cup-board of rich plate. *Cri.* Fie, youle ſpoyle all.
Now you out-do it. Say but a bowle or two.
Pan. Villain, I ſay al's gone; the Room's as clean
As a wipt lookingglaſſe: oh me, oh me. *Cri.* What, in good earneſt?
Pan. Fool in accurſed earneſt. *Cri.* You gull me ſure.
Pan. The window towards the South ſtands ope, from whence
went all my treaſure. Where's the Aſtrologer?
Alb. Here ſir, and hardly can abſtain from laughing
To ſee you vex your ſelfe in vain. *Pan.* In vain *Albumazar*?
I left my Plate with you, and tis all vaniſht,
And you ſhall anſwer it. *Alb.* O! were it poſſible
By powre of Art, to check what Art hath done,
Your man ſhould nere be chang'd: to wrong me thus
With foule ſuſpition of flat Felony?
Your Plate, your cloth of ſilver, wine, and jewels,
Linnen, and all the reſt, I gave to *Trincalo*,
And for more ſafety, lock them in the Lobby.
Heel keep them carefully. But as you love your Miſtris
Diſturbe him not this half houre, leſt youle have him
Like to a Centaure, halfe Clown, halfe Gentleman,
Suffer his foot and hand that's yet untoucht,
To be innobled like his other members.
Pan. *Albumazar*, I pray you pardon me,
Th'unlookd for bareneſſe of the Room amazd me.

Alb. How? think you me ſo negligent to commit
So rich a maſſe of treaſure to th'open danger
Of a large caſement, and ſuſpitious Alley?
No ſir, my ſacrifice no ſooner done
But I wrapt all vp ſafe, and gaue it *Trincalo*.
I could be angry, but that your ſuddain feare
Excuſes you. Fie, ſuch a noiſe as this
Halfe an houre paſt, had skar'd the intelligences,
And ſpoyld the work, but no harm done, go walke
Weſtward, directly weſtward, on halfe houre:
Then turn back, and take your ſervant turnd t' *Antonio*.
And as you like my skill, performe your promiſe.
I mean the chain. *Pan.* Content, lets ſtill go weſtward,
Weſtward good *Cricca*, ſtill directly weſtward.

ACT. 3. SCENE 3.

Albumazar, Ronca, Harpax, Furbo.

Alb. FVrbo, *Harpax*, and *Ronca*, come out, al's cleere.
Why here's a noble prize worth ventring for.
Is not this braver then ſneak all night in danger,
Picking of locks, or hooking clothes at windows?
Here's plate and gold, and cloth, and meat and wine,
All rich, and eaſily got. *Ronca* ſtay here about,
And wait till *Trincalo* come forth: then call him
With a low reverence *Antonio*,
Give him this gold with thanks, tell him he lent it
Before he went to *Barbary*. *Ron.* How loſe ten peeces?
Alb. There's a neceſſity in't, deviſe ſome courſe
To get't again: if not, our gain's ſufficient
To beare that loſſe. *Furbo* finde out *Bavilona*
The Curtezan, let her fain her ſelfe a Gentlewoman
Inamored of *Antonio*, bid her invite him
To banket with her, and by all means poſſible
Force him ſtay there two houres. *Har.* Why two houres?
Alb. That in that time thou mayſt convey

Our treaſure to the Inne, and ſpeak a Boat
Ready for *Graveſend*, and provide a Supper:
Where, with thoſe precious liquors, and good meats,
Wee'l cheere our ſelves; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take Boat by night. *Fur.* And what will you do?
Alb. Firſt in and uſher out our changeling *Trincalo*,
Then finiſh up a buſineſſe of great profit,
Begun with a rich Merchant, that admires
My skill in Alchymy. I muſt not loſe it.
Ron. *Harpax* beſtow the plate, *Furbo* our beards,
Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the time and place meet all at Supper.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 9.

Albumazar. Trincalo.

Alb. STand forth transform'd *Antonio* fully mued
From brown ſoare feathers of dull yeomanry
To th' glorious bloome of Gentry: prune your ſelfe, ſlick,
Sweare boldly y'are the man you repreſent
To all that dare deny it. *Tri.* I finde my thoughts
Moſt ſtrangely altred, but me thinks, my face
Feels ſtill like *Trincalo*. *Alb.* You imagine ſo.
Senſes are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive Angler
Fixing his ſteady eyes on the ſwift ſtreams
Of a ſteep tumbling torrent, no ſooner turns
His ſight to Land, but giddy, thinks the firme banks
And conſtant trees, move like the running waters:
So you that thirty yeers have liv'd in *Trincalo*,
Chang'd ſuddainly, think y'are ſo ſtill; but inſtantly
Theſe thoughts will vaniſh. *Tri.* Give me a Looking-glaſſe
To read your skill in theſe new Lineaments.
Alb. I'rather give you poyſon: for a glaſſe
By ſecret power of croſſe reflections,
And Optick vertue, ſpoyls the wondrous work
Of transformation, and in a moment turns you

Spight of my skill, to *Trincalo* as before,
We reade that *Apuleius* by a Rose
Chang'd from an Asse to Man: so by a mirrour,
You'l loose this noble lustre, and turn Asse.
I humbly take my leave; but still remember
T'avoid the Devill and a Looking-glasse.
New-born *Antonio*, I kisse your hands.
Tri. Divine *Albumazar*, I kisse your hands.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 5.

Trincalo. Ronca.

Tri. NOw I am grown a Gentleman, and a fine one,
I know't by th'kissing of my hands so courtly,
My courteous knees bend in so true distance
As if my foot walkt in a frame of purpose.
Thus I accost you: or thus, sweet sir, your servant:
Nay, more your servants servant: that's your grand-servant.
I could descend from the top of *Pauls* to th'bottome,
And on each step strew parting complements,
Strive for a doore while a good Carpenter
Might make a new one, I am your shadow sir,
And bound to wait upon you yfaith I will not: pray sir, &c.
O brave *Albumazar*!
Ron. Iust *Æsops* Crow, prink't up in borrowed feathers.
Tri. My veins are fild with newnesse: O for a Chyrurgian
To ope this arme, and view my gentle bloud,
To try if't run two thousand pounds a yeere.
I feele my understanding is inlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
A sacred fury over-swayes me. Prime!
Deale quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings six pence.
You see't? my rest, five and a fifty. Boy, more Cards.
And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths
For me; Ile pay thee again with interest.
O brave *Albumazar*!

Ron.

Ron. How his imagination boyls, and works in all things
He ever ſaw or heard! *Tri.* At Gleek? content.
A mournnevall of Aſes, Gleek of Knaves.
Juſt nine apiece. Sir, my gray Barbary
'Gainſt your dun Cow, three train ſents and th' courſe,
For fifty pound; as I am a Gentleman
Ile meet next Cocking, and bring a Haggard with me
That ſtoops as free as lightning, ſtrikes like thunder.
I lye? my reputation you ſhall heare on't.
O brave *Albumazar*!

Ron. He' grow ſtark mad I feare me. *Tri.* Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd my minde incites me
To challenge ſome brave fellow for my credit,
And for more ſafety, get ſome friend in private
To take the buſineſſe up in peace and quiet.

Ron. Signior *Antonio*? *Tri.* There's not a crum of *Trincalo*,
In all this frame, but the love of *Armellina*:
Wer't not for thee I'de travail, and home again
As wiſe as I went over.

Ron. Signior *Antonio*? welcome ten thouſand times:
Bleſt be the Heavens and Seas for your return.

Tri. I thank you ſir: *Antonio* is your ſervant, (you
I am glad to ſee you well. Fie, I kiſſe your hands: and thus accoſ

Ron. This three months all your kindred, friends, and children
Mourn'd for your death. *Tri.* And ſo they well might do,
For five dayes I was under water; and at length
Got up and ſpred my ſelfe upon a cheſt,
Rowing with arms, and ſtearing with my feet;
And thus in five dayes more got land: believe it
I made a moſt incredible eſcape,
And ſafe return from *Barbary*: at your ſervice:

Ron. Welcome ten thouſand times from *Barbary*,
No friend more glad to ſee *Antonio*
Then I: nor am I thus for hope of gain;
But that I finde occaſion to be gratefull
By your return. Do you remember ſir,
Before you went, as I was once arreſted,

And

And could not put in bayle; you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?

Tri. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

Ron. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks: but you were still beyond Seas.
Now am I happy of this faire occasion
To testifie my honest care to pay you:
For you may need it. *Trin.* Sir, I do indeed,
Witnesse my treasure cast away by shipwrack. (you:

Ron. Here sir. *Tri.* Is the gold good, for mine was good I lent

Ron. It was, and so is this. Signior *Antonio*, for this curtesie. Call me your servant. *Tri* Farwell good servant, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, I know not so much as his name I ten pounds? this change is better then my birth: for in all the yeers of my yeomanry I could never yoake two crownes, and now I have hoarded ten faire twenty shilling pieces. Now will I go to this Astrologer, and hire him turn my Cart to a Caroch, my foure Iades to two *Dutch* Mares, my Mistris *Armellina* to a Lady, my Plow-boy *Dick* to two guarded foot-men: then will I hurry my self into the Mercers Books, weare rich clothes, be call'd *Tony* by a great man, sell my lands, pay no debts, hate Citizens, and beat Serjants: and when all fails, sneake out of *Antonio* with a two-peny Looking-glasse, and turne as true *Trincalo* as ever.

ACT. 3. SCENE 6.

Harpax, Trincalo.

Har. SIgnior *Antonio*, welcome. *Tri.* My life here's ten pound more. I thank you heartily.

Harp. Never in fitter season could I finde you.
If you remember sir, before you went
To *Barbary*, I lent you ten pound in gold.

Tri. Faith I remember no such thing, excuse me.
What may I call your name? *Harp.* My name is *Harpax*,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.

Tri. What *Harpax*? I am your servant, I kisse your hands?

You

You muſt excuſe me, you never lent me mony.
Har. Sir, as I live, ten twentie ſhilling pieces.
Tri. Dangers at Sea, I finde, have hurt my memory.
Har. Why here's your own hand-writing: ſeal'd and ſign'd,
In preſence of your couſen *Julio*.
Tri. Tis true, tis true; but I ſuſtaind great loſſes
By reaſon of the ſhipwrack. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you? and to morrow morning
Come to my houſe and take the reſt. *Har.* Well ſir,
Though my neceſſitie would importune you
For all, yet on your Worſhips word, the reſt
Ile call for in the morning. Farewell *Antonio*.
Tri. I ſee we Gentlemen can ſometime borrow
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. Ile home, leſt other Creditors
Call for the reſt.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 7.

Ronca. Trincalo.

Ron. SIgnior *Antonio*: I ſaw you as I landed,
And in great haſte follow'd to congratulate
Your ſafe return, with theſe moſt wiſht embraces.
Tri. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call your ſelfe? *Ron.* Have you forgot
Your deare friend *Ronca*, whom you lov'd ſo well?
Tri. O I remember now my deare friend *Ronca*.
Ron. Thanks to the fortune of the Seas that ſav'd you.
Tri. I feare I owe him monie: how ſhall I ſhift him?
How do's your body *Ronca*? *Ron.* My deare *Antonio*,
Never ſo well as now I have the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th'Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole moneths. My deare *Antonio*.
Tri. I thank you ſir. *Ron.* I thank you. *Tri.* While my dear *Ronca*
Clipt me, my purſe ſhook dangerouſly; yet both his arms
And hands embrac'd my neck: here's none behind me.

How can this be? *Ron.* Moſt deare *Antonio*,
Was not your paſſage dangerous from *Barbary*?
We had great windes and tempeſts; and I feare me,
You felt the force at Sea. *Tri.* Yes deareſt *Ronca*.
How's this? I ſee his hands, and yet my purſe is gone.
Ron. Signior *Antonio*, I ſee your mind's much troubled
About affaires of worth; I take my leave:
And kiſſe your hands of Liberalitie.
Tri. And kiſſe my hands of Liberalitie?
I gave him nothing: Oh my purſe, my purſe!
Deare Maſter *Ronca*. *Ron.* Whats your pleaſure ſir?
Tri. Shew me your hand. *Ro.* Here tis. *Tr.* But where's th'other?
Ron. Why here. *Tri.* But I mean where's your other hand?
Ron. Think you me the Gyant with a hundred hands?
Tri. Give me your right. *Ron.* My right?
Tri. Your left *Ron.* My left?
Tri. Now both. *Ron.* There's both my deare *Antonio*:
Keep your ſelfe dark, eat broth: your fearfull paſſage,
And want of naturall reſt, hath made you frantick.
Tri. Villain, rogue, cut-purſe, thief, dear *Ronca* ſtay: he's gone
I'th'Devils name, how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands faſt lockt about my neck;
And ſtill he ſpoake, it could not be his mouth:
For that was full of deare *Antonio*:
My life he ſtole't with his feet: ſuch a trick more
Will work worſe with me then a Looking-glaſſe:
To loſe five pound in curt'ſie, and the reſt
In ſalutation! *Ron.* Signior *Antonio*,
What ails you? *Tri.* *Ronca* a Rogue, a Cut-purſe
Hath rob'd me of five twenty ſhilling pieces.
Ron. What kind of man was he: ſomething like me?
Tri. Had ſuch a thieviſh countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch ore his eye.
Ron. Met you with *Ronca*: tis the cunningſt nimmer
Of the whole company of Cut-purſe hall:
I am ſorrie I was not here to warn you of him.

ACT. 3. SCENE 8.

Furbo, Benilous, Trincalo.

Ben. FUrbo no more, unleſſe thy words were charms
Of power to revive him: *Antonio's* dead.
He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my eares are deafe to Muſick
That ſounds of pleaſure: ſing then the dolefulſt notes
That e're were ſet by Melancholly: O *Antonio!*

Furbio *ſings this Song:*

Flow ſtreams of liquid ſalt from my ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournfull Exequies.
Antonio's *dead, he's dead, and I remayn*
To draw my poor life in continuall pain,
Till it have paid to his ſad memory
Duty of love: O then moſt willingly,
Drown'd with my teares, as he with waves, I die:

Ben. Break thy ſad ſtrings, and inſtrument: O ſtrange! he's here.
Signior *Antonio!* my hearts ſweet content!
My life and better portion of my ſoule!
Are you return'd? and ſafe? for whoſe ſad death
I ſpent ſuch ſtreams of tears, and guſts of ſighs?
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your deſired ſhape, and mocks my ſenſes?

Tri. Whom do you talk withall faire Gentlewoman?

Ben. With my beſt friend, commander of my life,
My moſt beloved *Antonio.* *Tri.* With me?
What's your deſire with me ſweet Lady?

Ben. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you pleaſe: for all my liberty
Lies in your ſervice. *Tri.* Now I ſmell the buſineſſe:
This is ſome Gentlewoman enamoured
With him whoſe ſhape I beare: Fie what an Aſſe
Was I to ſtrange my ſelfe, and loſe the occaſion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
Ile mend it as I can. Madam, I did but jeſt

To try if abſence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lov'd you ever. *Beu.* Forget *Antonio*,
Whoſe deare remembrance doth informe the ſoule
Of your poore ſervant *Bevilona?* no,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quencht't one ſpark
Of th'ſweet affection which your love hath kindled
In this warme breſt. *Tri.* Madam, the waves had drown'd mee,
But that your love held up my chin. *Beu.* Wil't pleaſe you
Enter, and reſt your ſelfe, refreſh the wearineſſe
Of your hard travaile; I have good wine and fruits,
My Husband's out of town: you ſhall command
My houſe, and all that's in't. *Tri.* Why are you married?
Beu. Have you forgot my Husband: an angry roarer?
Tri. O I remember him: but if he come.
Beu. Whence grows this feare? how come you ſo reſpectfull?
You were not wont be numb'd with ſuch a coldneſſe.
Go in ſweet life, go in.
Tri. O I remember while I liv'd in *Barbary*
A pretty Song the *Moores* ſing to a Gridiron:
Sweet Madam by your favour I le ſing't to this.
Alcoch Dolaſh, &c. Thus 'tis in Engliſh.

My heart in flames doth fry,
Of thy beauty,
While I
Die.
Fie?
And why
Shouldſt thou deny
Me thy ſweet company?
My brains to teares do flow
While all below
Doth glow.
O!
Foe
If ſo,
How canſt thou go
About to ſay me no?

This

This the *Moores* call two wings upon a Gridiron.
But it goes ſweeter far 'oth'iron inſtrument.
Ron. There's one within my Kitchin ready ſtrung: go in.
Tri. Sweet Lady pardon me, Ile follow you.
Happy *Antonio* in ſo rare a Miſtris!
But happier I, that in his place enjoy her:
I ſay ſtill, ther's no pleaſure like transforming.

ACT. 3. SCENE 9.

Ronca. Bevil. Trincalo.

Ron. NOw is the Aſſe expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kiſſe his Miſtris.
But Ile ſoon ſtave him. Tick, tock, what ho!
Bev. Who's that ſo boldly knocks? I am not within;
Or buſie: Why ſo importunate? who i'st? *Ron.* Tis. Is (up *Roger*, &c.
Bev. Your name? *Ron. Thomas* up *William*, up *Morgan*, up *Davy*,
Tri. Spinola's Camp's broke looſe: a troupe of Souldiers is
Bev. Oj me! my Husband! Oj me wretch, 'tis my Husband.
Tri. One man, and weare ſo many names! *Bev.* O ſir
H'as more outragious Devils in his rage,
Then names. As you reſpect your life, avoid him.
Down at that window. *Tri.* Tis as high as *Pauls*.
Open the Garden doore. *Bev.* He has the keyes.
Down at ſome window, as you love your life,
Tender my honour, and your ſafety. *Ron. Bevilona?*
Down, or Ile break the doores, and with the ſplinters
Beat all thy bones to pieces: Down you whore!
Bev. Be patient but a little; I come inſtantly.
Tri. Ha' you no trunk nor cheſt to hide me? *Bev.* None ſir.
Alas I am clean undone, it is my Husband.
Ron. Doubtleſſe, this whore hath ſome of her companions
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,
Ile bath my hungry ſword, and ſharp revenge,
In his heart-bloud. Come down. *Bev.* I cannot ſtay.
There ſtands an empty Hogſhead with a falſe bottom

To ope and ſhut at pleaſure; come hither, in,
In as you love your life. *Tri.* But heare you Madam,
Is there no Looking-glaſſe within't? for I hate glaſſes
As naturally as ſome do Cats, or Cheeſe.
Ben. In, in, there's none. *Ron.* Who now? Is the Aſſe paſt?
Ben. I tunn'd him up, ha, ha, ha, I feare he'le fall a working.
Ron. Second me handſomely, we'le entertain him
An houre or two, and laugh and get his cloaths
To make our ſport up. Wife where's the empty Hogſhead
That wont to ſtand under the ſtaires? *Ben.* There ſtill.
Ron. Out with it quickly: I muſt have it fild.
Ben. Not to day, good ſir, to morrow will ſerve as well.
Ron. I muſt ha't now. *Ben.* Tis more then I can carry.
Ron. Ile help thee: ſo, ſo. Foh! this veſſell's muſty.
Fetch out ſome water. *Ben.* Fetcht your ſelfe.
Tri. Pox of all Tranſmutation, I am ſmother'd.
Lady, as you love me, give the Hogſhead vent.
The beere that's in't will work and break the veſſell.
Ben. Signior *Antonio*, as you love your life
Lie ſtill and cloſe, for if you ſtirre you die.
Ron. So, ſo, now ſhake it, ſo, ſo. *Tri.* Oh I am drown'd, I drown!
Ron. Whence comes this hollow ſound? I drown, I ſmother!
Ron. My life tis *Trincalo*, For I have heard that Coxcombe,
That Aſſe, that Clown, ſeeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the Country.
O that 'twere he. How would I uſe the villain!
Firſt crop his eares, then ſlit his noſe and geld him,
And with a red hot iron ſeare his raw wounds;
Then barrell him again, and ſend the Eunuch (in heere?
To the great Turk to keep his Concubines. Tick, tock, who's with-
Ben. One that you dare not touch. *Ron.* One that I dare not?
Out villain, out. Signior *Antonio!*
Had it been any but your ſelfe, he dyed.
But as you ſav'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your ſervices.
I would have ſworn y'had been drown'd in *Barbary*.
Tri. 'Twas a hard paſſage: but not ſo dangerous

As

As was this veſſell. Pray you conceive no ill,
I meant no harme, but call'd of your wife to know
How my ſonne *Lelio* did, and daughter *Flavia*.
Ron. Sir I believe you. *Tri.* But I muſt tell you one thing,
You muſt not be ſo jealous, on my honour
She's very honeſt. *Ron.* For you I make no queſtion.
But there's a Rogue call'd *Trincalo*, whom if I catch.
Ile teach him. *Tri.* Who, you mean *Pandolfo's* Farmer.
Alas poore foole, he's a ſtark Aſſe, but harmleſſe.
And though ſhe talk with him, tis but to laugh,
As all the world do's at him: come be friends
At my intreaty. *Ron.* Sir, for your ſake. *Ben.* I thank you.
Tri. Lets have a fire; and while I dry my ſelf,
Provide good wine and meat. Ile dine with you.
I muſt not home thus wet. I am ſomething bold with you.
Ron. My houſe and ſelf are at your ſervice. *Tri.* Lead in.
Alas, poore *Trincalo*, hadſt thou been taken,
Thou hadſt been tunn'd for *Turkie*.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, faire fall *Antonio's* ſhape.
What a notorious Wittal's this! Ha, ha, ha.

Finis Act. 3.

Act. 4. *Scene* 1.

Antonio.

THus by great favour of propitious Stars,
From fearfull ſtorms, ſhipwrack, and raging billows,
Mercileſſe jaws of Death, am I return'd
To th'ſafe and quiet boſome of my Country,
And wiſh'd embracements of my Friends and Kindred.
The memory of theſe misfortunes paſt,
Seaſons the welcome, and augments the pleaſure
I ſhall receive of my ſonne *Lelio*,
And daughter *Flavia*. So doth alloy

Make

Make gold, that elſe were uſeleſſe, ſerviceable.
So the rugged forehead of a threatning Mountain,
Threatens the ſmoothneſſe of a ſmiling Valley.

ACT. 4. SCENE 2.

Cricca, Antonio.

Cri. WHat do I ſee? is not this *Trincalo*
Transform'd t' *Antonio?* tis, and ſo perfectly
That did the right *Antonio* now confront him,
I'de ſweare they both were true, or both were falſe.
Ant. This man admires the unexpectedneſſe
Of my return. *Cri.* O wondrous powre of Stars,
And skil of Art t'apply't. You that are married
May juſtly feare, leſt this Aſtrologer
Cloath your wives ſervants in your ſhape, and uſe you
As *Jupiter* did *Amphitrio*. You that are rich,
In your own forme may loſe your gold. *Ant.* Tis *Cricca*.
Cri. He ſeems ſo juſt the man he repreſents,
That I dare hardly uſe him as I purpoſd.
Ant. Cricca, well met, how fares my friend *Pandolfo?*
Cri. Your friend *Pandolfo?* how are your means improv'd,
To ſtile familiarly your Maſters friend? *Ant.* What ſayſt thou?
Cri. That I rejoyce your Worſhip's ſafe returnd
From your late drowning. Th'Exchange hath giv'n you loſt;
And all your friends worn mourning three months paſt.
Ant. The danger of the ſhipwrack I eſcapt,
So deſperate was, that I may truly ſay
I am new born, not ſav'd. *Cri.* Ha, ha, ha; through what a grace
And goodly countenance the Raſcall ſpeaks:
What a grave portance; could *Antonio*
Himſelf out-do him? O you notorious villain!
Who would have thought thou couldſt have thus diſſembled?
Ant. How now: a ſervant thus familiar? Syrrha
Uſe your companions ſo; more reverence
Becomes you better. *Cri.* As though I underſtood not,

The

The end of all this plot and goodly buſineſſe?
Come *I* know all, ſee this untill'd clod of earth.
Conceits his minde transform'd, as well as body.
He wrings and bites his lips for feare of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. Why laugh you ſirra? *Cri.* To ſee thee chang'd
So ſtrangely, that *I* cannot ſpy on inch
Of thy old Clowniſh Carkas. Ha, ha. *Ant.* Laughter proceeds
From abſurd actions that are harmleſſe. *Cri.* Ha, ha, ha.
Sententious Block-head. *Ant.* And y'are all advis'd
To jeaſt in ſtead of pitty. Alas! my miſeries,
Dangers of death, ſlav'ry of cruell *Moores*,
And tedious journeys, might have eaſily altred
A ſtronger body; much more this decay'd veſſell,
Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.
Cri. Leave your ſet ſpeeches. Go to *Antonio's* houſe,
Effect your buſineſſe. For upon my credit
Th'art ſo well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.
Ant. Where ſhould I hope for welcome, if not there;
From my own houſe, children and family?
Cri. Is't poſſible this Coxcombe ſhould conceive
His minde transform'd? How gravely he continues
The countenance he began? Ha, ha. Why Blockhead?
Think'ſt to deceive me too? Why *Trincalo?*
Ant. I underſtand you not. Hands off. *Cri.* Art not thou *Trincalo*,
Pandolfo's man? *Ant.* I not ſo much as know him.
Cri. Dar'ſt thou deny't to me? *Ant.* I dare, and muſt
To all the World, 'long as *Antonio* lives.
Cri. You arrant Aſſe, have I not known thee ſerve
My Maſter in his Farm this thirteen yeers?
Ant. By all the oathes that binde mens conſciences
To truth, I am *Antonio*; and no other.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 3.

Pandolfo, Cricca, Antonio.

Pa. WHat means this noiſe? O *Cricca!* what's the matter?
Cri. Sir, here's your Farmer *Trincalo*, transform'd

So juſt, as he were melted, and new caſt
In the true mould of old *Antonio*.
Pan. Th'right eye's no liker to the left, then he
To my good neighbour. Divine *Albumazar*!
How I admire thy skill! juſt ſo he look't,
And thus he walkt; this is his face, his haire,
His eyes and countenance; If his voyce be like,
Then is th'Aſtrologer a wonder-worker.
Ant. Signior *Pandolfo*, I thanke the heavens as much
To finde you well, as for my owne returne.
How does your daughter, and my love *Sulpitia*?
Pan. Well, well, ſir. *Cri*. This is a good beginning,
How naturally the rogue diſſembles it?
With what a gentle garbe, and civill grace
He ſpeakes and lookes: How cunningly *Albumazar* (there: ſir,
Hath for our purpoſe ſuted him in *Barbary* cloaths. I le try him fur-
We heard you were drownd, pray you, how ſcap't you ſhipwrak?
Ant. No ſooner was I ſhipt for *Barbary*,
But faire winde follow'd, and faire weather led us.
When entred in the Straites of *Gibralter*;
The heavens, and ſeas, and earth conſpir'd againſt us,
The tempeſt tore our helme, and rent our tackels,
Broake the maine Maſt, while all the ſea about us
Stood up in watry Mountaines to over-whelme us.
And ſtruck's againſt a Rocke, ſplitting the veſſell
T'a thouſand ſplinters. I with two Marriners
Swam to the Coaſt, where by the barbarous Moores
We were ſurpriz'd, fetter'd and ſold for ſlaves.
Cri. This tale th'Aſtrologer pen'd, and he hath cond it.
Ant. But by a Gentleman of *Italy*
Whom I had knowne before. *Pan*. No more, this taſt
Proves thou canſt play the reſt. For this faire ſtory;
My hand I make thy ten pound, twenty Markes.
Thou lookſt and ſpeakſt ſo like *Antonio*.
Ant. Whom ſhould I looke and ſpeake like, but my ſelfe?
Cri. Good ſtill! *Pan*. But now my honeſt *Trincalo*,
Tell me where's all the Plate, the gold, and Iewels,

That

That the Aſtrologer, when he had transformd thee
Committed to thy charge? are they ſafe lockt?
Ant. I underſtand you not. *Pan.* The jewels man,
The plate and gold th'Arologer that chang'd thee
Bad thee lay up? *Ant.* What plate? what gold?
What jewels? what transformation? what Aſtrologer?
Cri. Leave off *Antonio* now, and ſpeak like *Trincalo*.
An. Leave off your jeſting; it neither fits your place
Nor age, *Pandolfo*, to ſcoffe your ancient friend.
I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
Nor by th'Aſtrologer, nor *Trincalo*.
Cri. Better and better ſtill. Beleeve me ſir,
He thinks himſelfe *Antonio*, and ever ſhall be.
And ſo poſſeſſe your plate. Art thou not *Trincalo*
My Maſters Farmer? *An.* I am *Antonio*
Your Maſters friend, if he teach you more manners.
Pan. Humour of wiving's gone; farewell good *Flavia*.
Three thouſand pound muſt not be loſt ſo ſlightly.
Come ſir, wee'l draw you to th'Aſtrologer,
And turn you to your ragged bark of Yeomanry:
An. To me theſe terms! *Pan.* Come ile not loſe my plate.
Cri. Stay, ſir, and take my counſell. Let him ſtill
Firmly conceit himſelfe the man he ſeems:
Thus he himſelf deceiv'd, will farre more earneſtly
Effect your buſineſſe, and deceive the reſt.
There's a mayn difference twixt a ſelf-bred action
And a forſt catriage. Suffer him then to enter
Antonio's houſe: and waite th'euent: for him
He cannot ſcape: what you intend to do,
Do't when'has ſeru'd your turne. I ſee the maide,
Lets hence leſt they ſuſpect our conſultations.
Pan. Thy counſels good: away. *Cri.* Looke *Trincalo*
Yonder's your beauteous miſtreſſe *Armellina*,
And daughter *Flauia*. Courage, I warrant thee.
An. Bleſt be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble.
For with their Farmer and Aſtrologer,
Plate, and gold, th'aue almoſt madded me.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 4.

Flavia, Armellina, Antonio.

Fla. *Armellina.* *Arm.* Miſtris. *Fla.* Is the dore faſt?
Ar. Yes, as an Uſurers purſe. *Fla.* Come hither wench.
Look here, there's *Trincalo*, *Pandolfoes* Farmer,
Wrapt in my fathers ſhape: prithee come quickly,
And help me to abuſe him. *Ar.* Notorious Clown?
An. Theſe are my gates and that's the Cabinet
That keeps my jewels, *Lelio*, and his ſiſter.
Fla. Never was villany ſo perſonate
In ſeemly properties of gravity. *An.* Tick, tock.
Fla. Who is he that knocks ſo boldly? *Ar.* What want you, ſir.
An. O my faire daughter *Flavia*! Let all the Stars
Powre down full bleſſings on thee: Ope the doores.
Fla. Mark! his faire daughter *Flavia*, ha, ha, ha:
Moſt ſhameleſſe villain how he counterfeits!
An. Know'ſt not thy father, old *Antonio*,
Is all the world grown frantick? *Fla.* What *Antonio?*
An. Thy loving father, *Flavia*. *Fla.* My father!
Would thou wert in his place. *Antonio's* dead,
Dead, under water was drownd. *An.* Then dead and drownd
Am I. *Fla.* I love not to converſe with dead men.
An. Open the doore ſweet *Flavia*. *Fla.* Sir, I am afeard;
Horrour incloſes me, my haire ſtands up,
I ſweat to heare a dead man ſpeak, you ſmell
Of putrifaction: fie! I feel't hither.
An. Th'art much abus'd, I live: come down, and know me.
Ar. Miſtris let me have ſome ſport too. Who's there?
An. Let me come in. *Ar.* Soft, ſoft ſir, y'are too haſty.
An. Quickly, or elſe——*Ar.* Good word, good words, I pray
In ſtrangers houſes! were the doores your own,
You might be bolder. *An.* Ile beat the doores and windows
About your eares. *Ar.* Are you ſo hot? wee'l coole you.
Since your late drowning, your gray and reverent head

Is

Is smear'd with Oes, and stuck with Cockle-shels,
This is to wash it. *An.* Impudent whore! *Ar.* Out Carter:
Hence durty whipstock, hence you foule clown: be gone,
Or all the water I can make, or borrow,
Shall once more drown you.

ACT. 4. SCENE 5.

Lelio, Antonio, Armellina.

Le. *Armellina*; whom do you draw your tõgue upon so sharp-
Ar. Sir tis your fathers ghost, that strives by force (ly?
To break the doores and enter. *Le.* This his grave look!
In every lineament himselfe no liker.
Had I not haply been advertized,
What could have forc'd me think 'twere *Trincalo*:
Doubtlesse, th' Astrologer hath raisd a ghost
That walks in th' reverend ghost of my dead father.
An. These ghosts, these *Trincalo's*, and Astrologers,
Strike me beside my selfe. Who will receive me
When mine own sonne refuseth? Oh *Antonio!*
Le. Infinite power of Art! who would believe
The Planets influence could transforme a man
To severall shapes: I could now beat him soundly?
But that he weares the awfull countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.
An. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, sonne,
Consider that th' excesse of heat in *Barbary*,
The feare of shipwrack, and long tedious journies,
Have tand my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks;
Yet still this face, though alterd, may be known.
This skarre bears witnesse, 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
With thine own hands. *Le.* He that chang'd *Trincalo*
T' *Antonio's* figure, omitted not the skarre
As a mayn character. *An.* I have no other marks
Or reasons to perswade thee; me thinks, this word
I am thy father, were argument sufficient

To bend my knees, and creep to my embracements.
Le. A ſudden coldneſſe ſtrikes me, my tender heart
Beats with compaſſion of I know not what.
Sirra be gone, truſſe up your goodly ſpeeches,
Sad ſhipwracks, and ſtrange transformations:
Your plot's diſcovered, 'twill not take: thy impudence
For once I pardon. The pious reverence
I owe to th' grave reſemblance of my father
Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
Haunting my doores again, ile baſtinado you
Out of *Antonio's* skin; away. *An.* I go ſir,
And yield to ſuch croſſe fortune as thus drives me.

ACT. 4. SCENE 6.

Trincalo and Benilona dreſſing him.

Tri. WHen this transformed ſubſtance of my carcaſſe
Did live impriſon'd in a wanton hogſhead,
My name was *Don Antonio*, and that title
Preſerv'd my life, and chang 'd my ſuite of clothes.
How kindly the good Gentlewoman us'd me! with what Reſpect and carefull tenderneſſe! your Worſhip ſir had ever a ſickly conſtitution, and I feare much more now ſince your long travaile: as you love me, off with theſe wet things, and put on the ſuite you left with me before you went to *Barbary*. Good ſir neglect not your health: for upon my Experience there is nothing worſe for the Rheume, then to be drench't in a muſty Hogſhead. Pretty ſoul! ſuch another ſpeech would have drawn off my legs and arms, as eaſily as hoſe and doublet. Had I been *Trincalo*, I'de have ſworn th'had cheated. But fie! 'tis baſe and clowniſh to ſuſpect, and a Gentlemans freeneſſe to part with a caſt ſuit. Now to the buſineſſe: Ile in to my own houſe, and firſt beſtow *Armellina* upon *Trincalo*, then try what can be done for *Pandolfo*: for 'tis a rule I wont t' obſerve. Firſt, do your own affairs, and next your Maſters. This word Maſter makes me doubt I am not charg'd as I ſhould be. But al's one, Ile venter, and doe ſomething worthy *Antonios'* name while I have it.

Act.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

Antonio, Trincalo.

Ant. WRetched *Antonio*, hast been preserv'd so strangely
From forraine miseries, to be wrong'd at home?
Bar'd from thy house by the scorns of thine own children?
Tri. Tick, tock.
Ant. But stay, there's one knocks boldly 't may be some friend.
Tri. Tick, tock.
Ant. Dwell you here Gentleman? *Tri.* He cals me Gentleman,
See th'vertue of good cloaths: all men salute,
Honour, respect, and reverence us. *Ant.* Yong Gentleman,
Let me without offence intreat your name,
And why you knock. *Tri.* How sirra Sawce-box, my name?
Or thou some stranger art, or grosly ignorant
That knowst not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?
Ant. Be not in choler sir. *Tri.* Befits it me,
A Gentleman of publick reputation,
To stoop so low as satisfie the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thy selfe? What art thou? ha?
Ant. Th'unfortunate possessor of this house.
Tri. Thou ly'st base Sycophant, my Worship owes it.
Ant. May be my sonne hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead. How long has't call'd your Master?
Tri. 'Long as *Antonio* possest it. *Ant.* Which *Antonio*?
Tri. *Antonio*, *Anastasio*. *Ant.* That *Anastasio*,
That drown'd in *Barbary*? *Tri.* That *Anastasio*,
That selfe same man am I: I scapt by swimming,
And now return to keep my former promise
Of *Flavia* to *Pandolfo*; and in exchange,
To take *Sulpitia* to my wife. *Ant.* All this
I intended 'fore I went: but sir, if I
Can be no other then my selfe, and you
Are that *Antonio*, you and I are one.
Tri. How? one with thee? speak such another sillable,
And by the terrour of this deadly steele,

That

That nere ſaw light, but ſent to endleſſe darkneſſe
All that durſt ſtand before't: thou dieſt. *Ant.* Alas
My weakneſſe grown by age, and pains of travail,
Diſarms my courage to defend my ſelfe;
I have no ſtrength but patience. *Tri.* What art now?
Ant. *Peter*, and *Thomas*, *William*, what you pleaſe.
Tri. What boldneſſe madded thee to ſteale my name?
Ant. Sir, heat of wine. *Tri.* And when y'are drunk,
Is there no perſon to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villanies?
Ant. But good ſir, if I be not I, who am I?
Tri. An Oxe, an Aſſe, a Dog. *Ant.* Strange negligence
To loſe my ſelfe! me thinks *I* live and move,
Remember. Could the fearfull apprehenſion
Of th'ugly feare of drowning ſo transforme me?
Or did I die, and by *Pythagoras* rule,
My ſoule is provided of another lodging?
Tri. Be what thou wilt, except *Antonio*,
'Tis death to touch that name. *Ant.* Dangers at Sea
Are pleaſures, weigh'd with theſe home-injuries.
Was ever man thus ſcar'd beſide himſelfe?
O moſt unfortunate *Antonio*!
At Sea thou ſuffredſt ſhipwrack of thy goods,
At land of thine own ſelfe, *Antonio*?
Or what name elſe they pleaſe? flie, flie to *Barbary*,
And rather there endure the forraigne crueltie
Of fetters, whips, and *Moores*, then here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.
Tri. How? prating ſtill? why *Timothy* begone,
Or draw, and lay *Antonio* down betwixt us,
Let fortune of the fight decide the queſtion.
Here's a brave Rogue, that in the Kings high-way
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.
Ant. Theſe wrongs recall my ſtrength, *I* am reſolv'd,
Better die once, then ſuffer always. Draw.
Tri. Stay, underſtandſt thou well nice points of duell?
Art born of gentle bloud, and pure deſcent?

Was

Was none of all thy linage hangd or cuckold?
Baſtard, or baſtinado'd? is thy pedigree
As long, as wide as mine? For otherwiſe
Thou wert moſt unworthy; and 'twere loſſe of honour
In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:
If thine ſtand ſound, the tearms are much unequall.
And by ſtrict laws of duell, I am excus'd
To fight on diſadvantage. *Ant.* This ſome Aſſe!
Tri. If we concurre in all, write a formall Challenge,
And bring thy Second: mean-while I make proviſion
Of *Calais* ſand to fight upon ſecurely. Ha!

ACT. 4. SCENE 8.

Lelio, Cricca, Trincalo, Antonio.

Le. AM I awake? or do deceitfull dreams
Preſent to my wild fancie things I ſee not?
Cri. Sir, what amazement's this? why wonder you?
Le. See'ſt thou not *Trincalo* and *Antonio*?
Cri. O ſtrange! th'are both here. *Le.* Didſt not thou informe (me
That *Trincalo* was turnd to *Antonio*?
Which I beleving like a curſed ſonne,
With moſt reproachfull threats, drove mine old Father
From his own doores; and yet reſt doubtfull, whether
This be the true *Antonio*: may be th'Aſtrologer
Hath chang'd ſome other, and not *Trincalo*.
Cri. No, feare it not: tis plain: *Albumazar*
Hath cheated my old maſter of his plate.
For here's the Farmer, as like himſelfe as euer;
Onely his cloaths excepted. *Trincalo*!
Tri. Cricca, where's *Trincalo*? doeſt ſee him here?
Cri. Yes, and as rank an Aſſe as e're he was. (me.
Tri. Thou'rt much deceiv'd, thou neither ſee'ſt, nor know'ſt
I am transformd, transformd. *Cri.* Th'art ſtill thy ſelf.
Lelio, this Farmer's halfe a foole, halfe knave.
And as *Pandolfo* did with much intreaty

Perſwade him to transforme, ſo as much labour
Will hardly bring the Coxcombe to himſelfe,
That nere was out on't: Who art if not he?
Tri. My name is *Don Antonio*, I am now going
To mine own houſe, to give *Pandolfo Flavia*,
And *Armellina* to his Farmer *Trincalo*.
How dar'ſt thou *Cricca*, but a meaner ſervant,
Reſemble me a man of worth and worſhip,
To ſuch a Clown as *Trincalo*, a branded foole,
An Aſſe, a laughing-ſtock to Town and Countrey?
Art not aſham'd to name him with *Antonio*?
Le. Do not thy actions with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaime thee what thou art? *Cri.* Notorious Clown!
Tri. Villain, th'haſt broke my ſhoulders. *Le.* O didſt feel him?
Tri. I with a pox. *Le.* Then th'art ſtill *Trincalo*.
For hadſt thou been *Antonio*, he had ſmarted.
Tri. I feele it as I am *Antonio*.
Cri. Foole! who loves *Armellina*? *Tri.* Tis I, tis I.
Cri. *Antonio* never lov'd his Kitchin-maid.
Tri. Well I was taken for *Antonio*,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his Miſtris entertain'd; but thou
Envy'ſt my happineſſe: if th'haſt th'ambition
To riſe as I have done, go to *Albumazar*,
And let him change thee to a Knight, or Lord.
Cri. Note the ſtrange power of ſtrong imagination.
Tri. A world of Engines cannot wreſt my thoughts,
From being a Gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And though I be not, yet will think my ſelfe ſo:
And ſcorn thee *Cricca*, as a ſlave and ſervant.

ACT. 4. SCENE 9.

Cricca, Lelio, Antonio.

Cri. 'Tis but loſt labour to diſſwade his dulneſſe; (hence,
Believe me that's your father. *Le.* When I drove him
Spight

Spight of my bloud his reverent countenance
Strook me t'a deep compaſſion. To cleere all,
Ile aske one queſtion. Signior *Antonio*,
What money took you when you took your Voyage?
Ant. As I remember, fourſcore and fifteen pound
In *Barbary* gold. Had *Lucio* kept his word
I had carried juſt a hundred. *Le.* Pardon me father;
'Twas my blinde ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a Farmer,
Whom an Aſtrologer, they ſaid, transform'd.
Ant. How an Aſtrologer? *Le.* When you parted hence
It ſeems you promis'd *Flavia* to *Pandolfo*.
News of your death arriving, th'old Gentleman
Importunes me to ſecond what you purpos'd.
Conſulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my yong ſiſter ſhould be buried quick
I'th'grave of threeſcore yeares: by their advice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and ſtorms,
And findes at length a cunning man, that promiſd
To turn his Farmer to your ſhape: and thus
Poſſeſſe your houſe, and give him *Flavia*.
Whereof I warnd, wrongd you in ſtead of *Trincalo*.
Ant. Then hence it came they cald me *Trincalo*,
And talkt of an Aſtrologer; which names
Almoſt inrag'd me paſt my ſelfe and ſenſes.
'Tis true I promiſd, but have oft repented it.
And much more ſince he goes about to cheat me.
He muſt not have her, ſir. *Le.* I am glad y'are ſo reſolv'd.
And ſince with us, you finde that match unequall,
Let's all intreat you to beſtow your daughter
Upon his ſonne *Eugenio*. *Ant.* Sonne at your pleaſure
Diſpoſe of *Flavia*, with my full conſent.
Le. And as you judge him worthy your daughter *Flavia*,
Think no leſſe of his *Sulpitia*.
An. I do: and ever had deſire to match
Into that family; and now I finde my ſelfe
Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you ſhall enjoy her,

If I can worke *Pandolfo* by intreaty.
Cri. To deale with him with reaſon and intreaties,
Is to perſwade a mad-man: for his loue
Wakes him no leſſe. All ſpeeches oppoſite
T'his fixt deſire, and loue-corrupted iudgment,
Seeme extreame fooleries. Will he conſent
To giue his daughter to your ſonne and you.
Deny him *Flavia*: Shall *Engenia*
Expect or land or loue from old *Pandalfo*,
Being his open riuall; 'tis impoſſible.
He ſought to coſen you; therefore reſolue
To pay him in's owne money. Be but aduiſd
By my poore counſell, and one ſtroke ſhall cut
The root of his deſignes, and with his arrowes
Strike his owne plot ſo dead, that *Albumazar*,
With all his ſtars and inſtruments, ſhall neuer
Giue it freſh motion. *Ant. Cricca*, to thy direction
We yeeld our ſelues, manage vs at thy pleaſure.
Le. Speake quickly *Cricca*. *Cri.* The ground of all this buſines,
Is to catch *Trincalo*, and locke him faſt
Till I releaſe him: next, that no man whiſper
Th' leaſt word of your return. Then will I home,
And with a cheerfull look tell my old Maſter,
That *Trincalo* —— but ſtay, look where he comes,
Let's in, and there at leaſure ile informe you
From point to point. *Lelio*, detain him here,
Till I ſend *Armelline* down to ſecond you.
Croſſe him in nothing, call him *Antonio*,
And good enough. *Le.* Feare not, let me alone.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 10.

Trincalo, *Lelio*.

Tri. THis raſcall *Cricca* with his arguments
Of malice, ſo diſturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I ſeeme.

But that will ſoon be cleer'd; if they receive me
In at *Antonioes* houſe, I am *Antonio*.
Lel. Signior *Antonio* my moſt loving father?
Bleſt be the day and houre of your return.
Tri. Sonne *Lelio*? a bleſſing on my child, I pray thee tell me,
How fares my ſervant *Armellina*? well?
Lel. Have you forgot my ſiſter *Flavia*?
Tri. What my deare daughter *Flavia*? no, but firſt
Call *Armellina*: for this day wee'l celebrate
A Gleek of Marriages: *Pandolfo* and *Flavia*,
Sulpitia and my ſelfe, and *Trincalo*
With *Armellina*. Call her, good *Lelio*, quickly.
Lel. I will ſir. *Tri.* So: this is well that *Lelio*
Confeſſeth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect *Antonio*.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 11.

Armellina, Trincalo.

Arm. SIgnior *Antonio*!
My long expected Maſter! *Tri.* O *Armellina*!
Come let me kiſſe thy brow like my own daughter.
Arm. Tis too great a favour. I kiſſe your foot.
What faln? Alas! how feeble you are grown,
With your long travell? *Tri.* True, and being drownd,
Nothing ſo griv'd me, as to loſe thy company.
But ſince I am ſafe return'd, for thy good ſervice
Ile help thee to a husband. *Arm.* A husband, ſir?
Some young and luſty youth, or elſe ile none.
Tri. To one that loves thee dearely, dearely wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and faſhion.
Arm. Fie, an old man? how? caſt my ſelfe away,
And be no nurſe but his? *Tri.* He's not like me
In yeers and gravity, but fair proportion. (*Trincalo* of Totnam.
A hanſome well-ſet man as I. *Arm.* His name? *Tri.* Tis *Tom*
Arm. Signior *Pandolfo's* luſty Farmer? *Tri.* That's he.

Arm. Moſt unexpected happineſſe! tis the man,
I more eſteem then my own life: ſweet Maſter
Procure that match, and think me ſatisfied
For all my former ſervice without wages.
But aj I feare you jeſt: My poore unworthineſſe
Hopes not ſo great a fortune as ſweet *Trincalo.*
No wretched *Armellina*, in and deſpaire:
Back to thy mournfull Dreſſer; there lament
Thy ſelfe to Kitchin-ſtuffe, and bones to aſhes,
For love of thy ſweet Farmer. *Tri.* Alas poore ſoule,
How prettily ſhe weeps for me! Wilt ſee him?
Arm. My ſoule waits in my eys, and leaves my body
Senſeleſſe. *Tri.* Then ſweare to keep my counſell. *Ar.* I ſweare
By th'beauteous eys of *Trincalo.* *Tri.* Why I am *Trincalo.*
Arm. Your worſhip ſir! why do yon flout your ſervant,
Right worſhipfull *Antonio*, my reverend Maſter?
Tri. Pox of *Antonio*, I am *Tom Trincalo.*
Why laugh'ſt thou? *Arm.* Tis deſire and joy,
To ſee my ſweeteſt. *Tri.* Look upon me and ſee him.
Arm. I ſay ſee *Antonio*, and none other.
Tri. I am within, thy love; without, thy Maſter.
Th'Aſtrologer transformd me for a day.
Arm. Mock not your poore Maid, pray you ſir. *Tri.* I do not.
Now would I break this head againſt the ſtones,
To be unchang'd; fie on this Gentry, it ſticks
Like Bird-lime, or the Pox. I cannot part with't.
Within, I am ſtill thy Farmer *Trincalo.*
Arm. Then muſt I wait, till old *Antonio*
Be brought to bed of a faire *Trincalo*;
Or flea you, and ſtrip you to your ſelf again.
Tri. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there.
Arm. O ſir by no means: but with my lovely Farmer
Ide ſtay all night and thank him. *Tri.* Croſſe misfortune!
Accurſt *Albumazar!* and mad *Pandolfo!*
To change me thus, that when I moſt deſire
To be my ſelfe, I cannot. *Armellina*
Fetch me a Looking-glaſſe. *Arm.* To what end? *Tri.* Fetch one.

Let

Let my old Masters buſineſſe ſinke or ſwim,
This ſweet occaſion muſt not be neglected.
Now ſhall I know th'Aſtrologers skil: O wonderfull!
Admir'd *Albumazar* in two tranſmutations:
Here's my old Farmers face. How in an inſtant
I am unchang'd that was ſo long a changing. Here's my flat noſe
Now *Armellina* take thy lov'd *Trincalo* (again, &c.
To thy deſired embracements, uſe thy pleaſure,
Kiſſe thy belly full. *Arm.* Not here in publick.
T'enjoy too ſoon what pleaſeth, is unpleaſant:
The World, would envy that my happineſſe.
Go in, ile follow you, and in my Bed-chamber
Wee'l conſummate the match in privacy.
Tri. Was not the face I wore farre worſe then this?
But for thy comfort, Wench, *Albumazar*
Hath died my thoughts ſo deep i'th' grain of Gentry,
Tis not a glaſſe can rob me of my good faſhion,
And Gentlemanly garbe. Follow my deare.
Arm. Ile follow you. So now y'are faſt enough.
Tri. Help *Armellina*, help, I am falne i'th'cellar:
Bring a freſh Plantane leafe, I have broke my ſhin.
Arm. Thus have I caught me a husband in a trap,
An in good earneſt meant to marry him.
Tis a tough Clown and luſty: he works day and night;
And rich enough for me, that have no portion
But my poore ſervice. Well: he's ſomething fooliſh;
The better can I dominere, and rule him
At pleaſure. That's the marke and utmoſt height
We women ayme at. I am reſolv'd; Ile have him.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 12.

Lelio. Cricca.

Lel. IN *Armellina*, lock up *Trincalo*. *Arm.* I will ſir.
Le. Cricca, for this thy counſell, if't ſucceed,
Feare not thy Maſters anger: Ile preferre thee

And

And count thee as my *Genius*, or good fortune.
Cri. It cannot chuſe but take. I know his humour;
And can at pleaſure feather him with hopes,
Making him flie what pitch I wiſh, and ſtoop
When I ſhew fowle. *Le.* But for the ſuite of cloaths?
Cri. Ile throw them o're your garden wall. Away.
Haſte to *Eugenio* and *Sulpitia*,
Acquaint them with the buſineſſe. *Le.* I go.

ACT. 4. SCENE 13.

Lelio, Sulpitia.

Le. THe hopefull iſſue of thy counſell, *Cricca*,
Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excell
The cleereſt day, then a gray morning doth
The blindeſt midnight, raiſing my amorous thoughts
To ſuch a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
And other pleaſures, to *Sulpitia's* love,
Appeare like Mole-hils to the Moon. *Sul. Lelio?*
Le. O there's the voice that in one note contains
All cords of Muſick: how gladly ſhee'l imbrace
The newes I give her, and the meſſenger.
Sul. Soft, Soft, y'are much miſtaken; for in earneſt,
I am angry *Lelio*; and with you. *Le.* Sweeteſt, thoſe flames
Riſe from the fire of love, and ſoon will quench
I'th' welcome news I bring you. *Sul.* Stand ſtill I charge you
By th' vertue of my lips; ſpeak not a fillable
As you expect a kiſſe ſhould cloſe my choler.
For I muſt chide you *Le.* O my *Sulpitia*,
Were euery ſpeech a piſtoll charged with death,
I'de ſtand them all in hope of that condition.
Sul. Firſt, ſir, I heare, you teach *Eugenio*
Too graue a warineſſe in your ſiſters loue,
And kill his honeſt forwardneſſe of affection
With your far-fet reſpects, ſuſpitious, feares:
You haue your may-bee's; this is dangerous:

That

That course were better: for if so, and yet
Who knowes? the event is doubtfull; be advis'd,
Tis a yong rashnesse: your father is your father:
Take leisure to consider. Thus y'have considered
Poore *Flavia* almost to her grave. Fye *Lelio*,
Had this my smalnesse undertooke the businesse,
And done no more in foure short winters daies,
Than you in foure months; I'de have vowed my maiden-head
To the living Tombe of a sad Nunnery:
Which for your sake I loath. *Lel.* Sweet by your favour.
Sul. Peace, peace: now y'are so wise, as if ye had eaten
Nothing but braines and marrow of Machiavell:
You tip your speeches with *Italian Motti*,
Spanish Refranes, and *English Quoth Hee's*. Beleeve me,
There is not a Proverbe salts your tongue, but plants
Whole colonies of white haires. O what a businesse
These hands must have when you have married me?
To picke out sentences that over-yeare you.
Lel. Give me but leave. *Sul.* Have I a lip? and you
Made Sonets on't? tis your fault, for otherwise
Your sister and *Eugenio* had beene sure
Long time ere this. *Lel.* But—*Sul.* Stay, your Qu's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this gray-greene of yours,
As old *Antonio's* green-gray. Fy! Wise lovers,
Are most absurd. Were I not full resolved,
I should begin to coole mine owne affection.
For shame consider well your sisters temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Respect her,
Or spight of mine owne love, Ile make you stay
Sixe months before you matry me. *Lelio whispers.*
Sul. This your so happy newes? return'd, and safe?
Antonio yet alive? *Lelio whispers.* *Sul.* And what then?
Lelio whispers.
Sul. Well; all your businesse must be compassed
With winding plots, and cunning stratagems.
Looke too't: For if we be not married ere next morning,
By the great love that is hid in this small compasse,

Flavia and my ſelfe will ſteale you both away
To your eternall ſhame and foule diſcredit.
Le. How prettily this lovely littleneſſe,
In her own breath pleads her own cauſe, and my ſiſters;
Chides me, and loves. This is that pleaſing temper
I more admire, then a continued ſweetneſſe
That over-ſatisfies: 'Tis ſalt I love, not ſugar.

Finis Act. 4.

Act. 5. *Scæne* 1.

Albumazar, Ronca, Furbo, Harpax.

Alb. HOw? not a ſingle ſhare of this great prize,
That have deſerv'd the whole? was't not my plot,
And pains, and you meere inſtruments and porters?
Shall I have nothing? *Ron.* No, not a ſilver ſpoon.
Fur. Nor cover of a Trencher-ſalt. *Har.* Nor Table-napkin.
Alb. Friends, we have kept an honeſt truſt and faith
'Long time amongſt us: Break not that ſacred league,
By raiſing civill theft; turn not your furt
'Gainſt your own bowels. Rob your carefull maſter!
Are you not aſham'd? *Ron.* 'Tis our profeſſion,
As yours Aſtrology. And in th' days of old,
Good morrow Thiefe, as welcome was receiv'd,
As now your Worſhip. 'Tis your own inſtruction.
Furb. The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and th' *Arabians*,
So grew *Arabia* happy, *Sparta* valiant.
Har. The World's a Theater of theft: great Rivers
Rob ſmaller Brooks; and them the Ocean.
Alb. Have not I wean'd you up from peti-larceny,
Dangerous and poore? and nurſt you to full ſtrength
Of ſafe and gainfull theft? By rules of Art
And principles of cheating made you free

From

From taking, as you went inviſible;
And doe yee thus requite mee; this the reward
For all my watchfull care? *Ron.* we are your ſchollers,
Made by your helpe, and our aptneſſe, able
To inſtruct others. Tis the Trade we liue by.
You that are ſeruant to Diuine Aſtrology,
Doe ſomething worth her liuery. Caſt Figures,
Make Almanackes for all Meridians.
Fur. Sell Perſpicils, and inſtruments of hearing,
Turne Clownes to Gentlemen; Buzzards to Falcons,
Cur-dogs to Grey-hounds; Kitchen-maides to Ladies.
Har. Diſcover more new Stars, and unknown planets:
Vent them by dozens, ſtile them by the names
Of men that buy ſuch ware. Take lawfull courſes,
Rather then beg. *Alb.* Not keep your honeſt promiſe?
Fur. Believe none, credit none: for in this City
No dwellers are, but Cheaters and Cheateez
Alb. You promis'd me the greateſt ſhare. *Ron.* Our promiſe!
If honeſt men by Obligations,
And inſtruments of Law are hardly conſtrain'd
T'obſerve their word; Can we that make profeſſion
Of lawleſſe courſes, do't? *Alb.* Amongſt our ſelves:
Faulcons that tyrannize o're weaker fowle,
Hold peace with their own feathers. *Har.* But when they coun-
Upon one quarry, break that league as we do, (ter
Alb. At leaſt reſtore th'ten pound in gold I lent you.
Ron. 'Twas lent in an ill Second, worſer Third,
And luckleſſe Fourth: 'tis loſt, *Albumazar.*
Fur. *Saturne* was in Aſcenſion. *Mercury*
Was then combuſt when you delivered it.
'Twill never be reſtor'd, *Ron.* *Hali*, *Abenezra*,
Hiarcha, *Brachman*, *Budda Babylonicus*,
And all the *Chaldes* and the *Cabaliſts*,
Affirme that ſad aſpect threats loſſe of debts.
Har. Frame by your *Azimut Almicantarat*,
An engine like a Mace, whoſe quality
Of ſtrange retractive vertue may recall

Deſperate debts, and with that undo Sergeants.
Alb. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a ſlender portion for a ſtock
To begin Trade again. *Ron.* Tis an ill courſe
And full of feares. This treaſure hath inricht us,
And given us means to purchaſe and live quiet
Of th'fruit of dangers paſt. When I us'd robbing.
All blocks before me look't like Conſtables,
And poſts a pear'd in ſhape of Gallowſes.
Therefore good Tutour take your Pupils counſell:
Tis better beg then ſteale: Live in poore clothes,
Then hang in Sattin. *Alb.* Villains, Ile be reveng'd,
And reveale all the buſineſſe to a Juſtice.
Ron. Do, if thou longſt to ſee thy own Anatomy.
Alb. This treachery perſwads me to turn honeſt.
Fur. Search your Nativity: ſee if the Fortunates
And Luminaries be in a good Aſpect.
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat ere this. *Alb. Albumazar,*
Truſt not theſe Rogues; hence and revenge.
Ron. Fellow away, here's company. Let's hence. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCENE. 2.

Cricca. Pandolfo.

Cric. NOw *Cricca*, maſk thy countenance in joy,
Speak welcome language of good news, and move
Thy Maſter, whoſe deſires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'ſt him. If thy deſigne
Land at the Haven tis bound for; then *Lelio*,
Eugenio, and their Miſtreſſes, are oblig'd
By oath to aſſure a ſtate of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life. *Pan.* I long to know,
How my good Farmer ſpeeds; how *Trincalo*
Hath been deceiv'd by *Lelio*. *Cri.* Where ſhall I finde him?
What we moſt ſeek, ſtill flies us; what's avoided,
Follows, or meets us full. I am emboſt

With

With trotting all the ſtreets to finde *Pandolfo*,
And bleſſe him with good news. *Pan.* This haſte of *Cricca*.
Abodes ſome good; doubtleſſe my *Trincalo*,
Received for *Antonio*, hath given me *Flavia*.
Cricca? *Cri.* Neither in *Pauls*, at home, nor in the Exchange?
Nor where he uſes to converſe? hee's loſt:
And muſt be cryed. *Pan.* Turn hither, *Cricca*, *Cricca*,
See'ſt me not? *Cri.* Sir, the news, and haſte to tell it,
Had almoſt blinded me. Tis ſo fortunate,
I dare not powre it all at once vpon you,
Leſt you ſhould faint and ſwound away with ioy.
Your transform'd *Trincalo*— *Pan.* what newes of him;
Cri. Entred as owner in *Antonio's* houſe ——
Pan. On. *Cri.* Is acknowledg'd by his daughter *Flavia*,
And *Lelio* for their father. *Pan.* Quickly good *Cricca!*
Cri. And hath ſent me in haſte to bid you —— *Pan.* What?
Cri. Come with your ſonne *Eugenio* —— *Pan* And then?
Cri. That he may be witneſſe of your marriage.
But ſir, I ſee no ſignes of ſo large goodneſſe
As I expected, and this news deſerv'd.
Pan. Tis here, tis here, within. All outward ſymptomes
And characters of joy, are poore expreſſions
Of my inward happineſſe: my heart's full,
And cannot vent the paſſions. Run *Cricca*, run.
Run as thou lov'ſt me call *Eugenio*,
And work him to my purpoſe: thou canſt do it:
Haſte, call him inſtantly. *Cri.* I flie ſir.

ACT. 5. SCENE 3.

Pandolfo.

HOw ſhall I recompence this Aſtrologer?
This great *Albumazar*? through whoſe learned hands,
Fortune hath powr'd the effect of my beſt wiſhes,
And crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain? alas!

Tis a poore thanks, ſhort by a thouſand links
Of his large merit. No, he muſt live with me,
And my ſweet *Flavia*, at his eaſe and pleaſure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'le get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So there's *Trincalo*
Antoniated, or *Antonio Intrinculate*.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 4.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Lelio, Eugenio.

Ant. SIgnior *Pandolfo!* welcome. *Lel.* Your ſervant ſir.
Pan. Well met *Antonio*, my prayers and wiſhes
Have waited on you ever. *Ant.* Thanks deareſt friend.
To ſpeak my danger paſt, were to diſcourſe
Of dead men at a Feaſt. Such ſad relations
Become not marriages, Sir, I am here
Return'd to do you ſervice: where's your ſonne?
Pan. He'le wait upon you preſently. *Eug.* Signior *Antonio!*
Happily welcome. *Ant.* Thanks *Eugenio*,
How think you Gentlemen? were it amiſſe
To call down *Flavia* and *Sulpitia*,
That what we do, may with a full conſent
Be entertain'd all? *Pan.* Tis well remembred.
Eugenio, call your ſiſter. *Ant.* *Lelio*, call your daughter.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

Pandolfo. Antonio.

Pan. VVIſely conſider'd *Trincalo*: tis a faire Prologue
To the *Comedy* enſuing. Now I confeſſe
Albumazar had equall power to change,
And mend thy underſtanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hug thee for this ſervice.
'Tis a brave on ſet: ah my ſweet *Trincalo*!

Ant.

Ant. How like you the beginning? *Pan.* Tis o'th'further ſide
All expectation. *Ant.* Was't not right? and ſpoken
Like old *Antonio*? *Pan.* 'Tis moſt admirable:
Were't he himſelf that ſpake, he could not better't.
And for thy ſake, I wiſh *Antonio's* ſhape
May ever be thy houſe, and 's wit thy In-mate.
But where's my plate, and cloth of ſilver? *Ant.* Safe.
Pan. They come: keep ſtate, keep ſtate, or al's diſcover'd.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 6.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Eugenio, Lelio, Flavia, Sulpitia.

Ant. *Eugenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia;*
Marriages once confirm'd, and conſummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties with full freedome ſpeak their pleaſure,
Before it be too late. *Pan.* Good! excellent!
Ant. Speak boldly therefore: do you willingly
Give full authority, and what I decree
Touching theſe buſineſſes, you'l all performe?
Eug. I reſt at your diſpoſe: what you determine,
With my beſt power I ratifie; and *Sulpitia*,
I dare be bold to promiſe, ſays no leſſe
Sul. What e're my father, brother, and your ſelfe
Shall think convenient, pleaſeth me. *Le.* In this,
As in all other ſervice, I commit my ſelfe
To your commands; and ſo I hope, my ſiſter.
Fla. With all obedience: for diſpoſe of me
As of a childe, that judgeth nothing good
But what you ſhall approve. *Ant.* And you *Pandolfo*?
Pan. I moſt of all. And, for I know the mindes
Of youth are apt to promiſe, and as prone
To repent after; 'tis my advice they ſweare
T'obſerve without exception, your decree.
Fla. Content. *Sul.* Content. *Pan.* By all the powers that heard
Oaths, and raine vengeance upon broken faith,

I promiſe to confirme and ratifie
Your ſentence. *Le.* Sir, I ſweare no leſſe. *Eug.* Nor I.
Fla. The ſelf-ſame oath bindes me. *Sul.* And me the ſame.
Pan. Now *Antonio*, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeale
From you to higher Courts. *Ant.* Firſt, for preparative,
Or ſlight *Præludium* to the greater matches;
I muſt intreat you that my *Armellina*
Be match't with *Trincalo*. Two hundred Crowns
I give her for her portion. *Pan.* Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old Clownery, and dregs o'th'Country,
Dwell in him ſtill: how carefull he provides
For himſelf firſt! Content. And more, I grant him
A leaſe for twenty pounds a yeare. *Ant.* I thank you.
Gentlemen, ſince I feele my ſelfe much broken
With age, and my late miſeries, and too cold,
To entertain new heat; I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my ſonne *Lelio*.
Pan. How cunningly the Farmer hath provided
T'obſerve the ſemblance of *Antonio's* perſon,
And keep himſelfe ſtill free for *Armellina*!
Ant. Signior *Pandolfo*, y'are wiſe, and underſtand
How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth
Become gray haires: How grave and honourable
Were for your age to be enamored
With the fare ſhape of vertue, and the glory
Of our Fore-fathers! Then would you bluſh to think
How by this dotage, and unequall love,
You ſtain their honour, and your own. Awake,
Baniſh thoſe wilde affections; and by my example
Turn t' your repoſed ſelf. *Pan.* To what purpoſe, pray you,
Serves this long proæme? on to th'ſentence. *Ant.* Sir,
Conformity of yeers, likeneſſe of manners,
Are *Gordian* knots that binde up Matrimony.
Now betwixt ſeventy Winters, and ſixteen,
There's no proportion, nor leaſt hope of love.
Fie that a Gentleman of your diſcretion,

Crownd

Crownd with ſuch reputation in your youth,
Should in your Weſtern days, loſe th'good Opinion
Of all your friends; and run to th'open danger
Of cloſing the weak remnant of your days
With diſcontentment unrecoverable.
Pan. Wrack me no more; pray you let's heare the ſentence:
Note how the Aſſe would fright me, and endeare
His ſervice; intimating that his power
May over-throw my hopes: Proceed to th'ſentence.
An. Theſe things conſider'd, I beſtow my daughter
Upon your ſonne *Eugenio*; whoſe conſtant love
With his ſo modeſt carriage, hath deſerv'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. *Pan.* Treacherous Villain!
Accurſed *Trincalo*! Ile——But this no place,
He's too well backt. But ſhortly when the date
Of his Antonioſhip's expir'd, revenge
Shall ſweeten this diſgrace. *Ant.* Signior *Pandolfo*,
When you recover your ſelfe, loſt deſperately
In diſproportion'd dotage, then you'l thank me
For this great favour: be not obſtinate;
Diſquiet not your ſelfe. *Pan.* I thank you ſir,

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

Pandolfo.

ANd that you freeze not for bad-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. Traiterous villain!
Is it not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't muſt be done with ſcoffs; accurſed *Trincalo*;
And me moſt miſerable! I that when I thought
T' imbrace young *Flavia*, ſee her before my face
Beſtowd upon my ſonne! my ſonne my Rivall!
This is *Eugenio's* plot, and his friend *Lelio's*;
Who, with my ſervant *Cricca*, have conſpir'd,
And ſuborn'd *Trincalo* to betray his Maſter.

Why do I rage 'gainſt any but my ſelfe,
That have committed ſuch a ſerious buſineſſe
To th'hands of a baſe Clown, and ignorant?
I ſee mine errour, but no means to help it.
Only the ſweetneſſe of revenge is left me,
Which I muſt execute: th'houres of's Gentry
Are now clean ſpent. Ile home, and there attend him.

ACT. 5. SCENE 8.

Trincalo drunk, but ſomething recovered.

WElcome old truſty *Trincalo*, good Farmer welcome! give me thy hand, we muſt not part hereafter. Fie, what a trouble tis to be out of a mans ſelf! If Gentlemen have no pleaſure but what I felt to day; a team of horſes ſhall not drag me out of my profeſſion. There's nothing amongſt them but borrowing, compounding for half their debts, and have their purſe cut for the reſt, coozned by whores, frighted with husbands, waſht in wet hog ſheads, cheated of their cloaths, and falling in cellars for concluſion.

ACT. 5. SCENE 9.

Pandolfo at the window, Trincalo.

Pan. O Precious piece of villany! are you unchang'd? How confident the Rogue dares walk the ſtreets!

Tri. And then ſuch quarrelling: never a ſuite I wore to day, but hath been ſoundly baſted. Only this faithfull Country caſe ſcap't fiſt-free; and be it ſpoken in a good houre, was never beaten yet ſince it came from fulling.

Pan. Tiff. toff. Baſe treacherous villain! toff. toff. toff.

Tri. Is this the recompence of my days work?

Pan. You marry me to patience? there's patience. She's a good bed-fellow; have patience.

Tri. You'l beat me out on't ſir: how have I wrong'd you?

Pan. So, as deſerves th'expreſſion of my fury.

With

With th'cruelſt tortures I can execute. *Tri.* You kill me ſir.
Pan. Have patience. *Tri.* Pray your ſir!
Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t'appeaſe me.
Nothing can ſatisfie. *Tri.* Farewell humility.
Now I am beaten ſober. (*takes away* Pandolfo's *ſtaffe.*)
Shall age and weakneſſe maſter my youth and ſtrength?
Now ſpeak your pleaſure: what's my fault? *Pan.* Dar'ſt deny
Thy own act done before ſo many witneſſes?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With ſuch ſtony impudence? *Tri.* I have been faithfull
In all you truſted me. *Pan.* To them; not me.
O what a Proæmeſtuft with grave advice,
And learned counſaile, you could ſhowre upon me
Before the thunder of your deadly ſentence!
And give away my Miſtris with a ſcoffe!
Tri. I give your Miſtris? *Pan.* Didſt not thou decree
Contrary t'our compact, againſt my marriage?
Tri. Why when was I your judge? *Pan.* Juſt now, here.
Tri. See your errour! then was I faſt lockt in *Antonio's* Cellar:
Where making vertue of neceſſity, I drunk ſtark drunk; and waking, found my ſelf cloth'd in this Farmers ſuit, as in th'morning.
Pan. Didſt not thou ſweare t'enter *Antonio's* houſe,
And give me *Flavia* for my wife? and after,
Before my own face, gav'ſt her to my ſonne? *Tri.* Ha, ha, ha!
Pan. Canſt thou deny't? *Tri.* Ha, ha, ha! *Whilſt* Trincalo
Have you got Miſtris *Patience?* ha, ha, ha! *laughs, and falls*
Pan. Is not this true? *Tri.* Ha, ha, ha! *the ſtaffe*, Pan-
Pan. Anſwer me. *Tri.* Ha, ha, ha, wan! dolfo *recovers it,*
Pan. Was't not thus? *Tri.* I anſwer. *and beats him.*
Firſt, I never was transform'd, but guld,
As you were by th' Aſtrologer, and thoſe that cald me *Antonio.*
To prove this true, the Gentleman you ſpoke with, was *Antonio,*
The right *Antonio,* ſafely returnd from *Barbary.*
Pan. Oh me; whats this? *Tri.* Truth it ſelfe.
Pan. Was't not thou that gav'ſt the ſentence?
Tri. Believe me no ſuch matter:
I nere was Gentleman, nor otherwiſe

Then what I am, unleſſe 'twere when I was drunk.
Pan. How have I been deceiv'd? good *Trincalo*
Pardon me, I have wrong'd thee. *Tri.* Pardon you?
When you have beaten me to paſte, good *Trincalo*,
Pardon me? *Pan.* I am ſorry for't; excuſe me.
Tri. I am ſorry I muſt excuſe you. But I pardon you.
Pan. Now tell me where's the plate and cloth of ſilver,
The gold and jewels that the Aſtrologer
Committed to thy keeping? *Tri.* What plate, what jewels?
He gave me none. But when he went to change me,
After a thouſand circles and ceremonies,
He binds me faſt upon a forme, and blindes me
With a thick Table-napkin. Not long after
Unbindes my head and feet, and gives me light:
And then I plainly ſaw, that I ſaw nothing:
The Parler was clean ſwept of all was in't.
Pan. Oh me: Oh me!
Tri. What ails you? Sir, what ails you?
Pan. I am undone, I have loſt my love, my plate,
My whole eſtate, and with the reſt my ſelfe.
Tri. Loſe not your patience too. Leave this lamenting,
And lay the Town; you may recover it.
Pan. Tis to ſmall purpoſe. In and hold thy peace.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

Cricca. Pandolfo.

Cri. WHere ſhall I finde my Maſter to content him
With welcome news? He's here; news, news!
News of good fortune, joy, and happineſſe!
Pan. Cricca, my ſadneſſe is uncapable
Of better tydings: I am undone moſt miſerable!
Cri. Offend not your good luck, y'are now more fortunate
Then when you roſe this morning: be merry, ſir,
Cheare up your ſelfe, y'have what you wiſht, feare nothing.
Pan. May be *Antonio* newly repents himſelfe,
With purpoſe to reſtore *Flavia*.

Cricca, what ist? where's all this happineſſe?
Cri. Lockt in *Antonio's* cloſet. *Pan.* All alone?
Sure that's *Flavia*. Is not *Eugenio*
Suffred to enter? *Cri.* *Antonio* keeps the Key:
No creature enters but himſelfe: all's ſafe
And ſhall be ſo reſtor'd. *Pan.* O my ſweet *Cricca*!
Cri. And they that wrong'd you, moſt extreamly ſorry,
Ready to yield you any ſatisfaction.
Pan. Iſt poſſible they ſhould ſo ſoon repent them?
That injur'd me ſo lately? tell me the manner
That caus'd them ſee their Errour. *Cri.* Ile tell you, ſir.
Being juſt now at old *Antonio's* houſe,
One thunders at th'back doore, enters, and preſſes
To ſpeak in private with yong *Lelio*;
Was inſtantly admitted: and think you who?
Twas your Aſtrologer *Albumazar*.
When he had ſpoke a while; *Lelio* and *Antonio*
In haſte command me fetch a Conſtable.
Pan. How can this Story touch my happineſſe?
Cri. I up and down through ſlimy Ale-houſes,
Cloudy Tobacco-ſhops, and vapouring Taverns:
My mouth full of inquiry: at laſt found one.
Pan. What of all this? iſt poſſible a Conſtable
Concerns my good? *Cri.* And following my directions,
Went to a Tipling-houſe, where we took drinking
Three handſome fellows with a great cheſt; attacht them,
And brought all to *Antonio*. *Pan.* Well, what then?
Cri. Theſe were th' Aſtrologers intelligences, that
Robd you through th'Southwindow. *Pan.* I thought th'hadſt ſpoke
Of *Flavia's* reſtoring. *Cri.* I mean your plate
And treaſure; pray you, ſir, iſt not great happineſſe
To re-obtain three thouſand pounds in value,
Deſperately loſt? and you ſtill dote and dream
Of *Flavia*, who by your own conſent
And oath is promiſd to your ſonne *Eugenio*?
Pan. Forward, *Cri.* Within this cheſt *Antonio* found your plate,
Gold, jewels, cloth of ſilver, nothing periſht,

But all safe lockt till you acknowledge it.
And since *Albumazar* of his owne accord
Frely confest, and safe restord your treasure:
Since tis a day of Iubile and marriage:
Antonio would intreat you to release
And Pardon the Astrologer. Thanking your fortune
That hath restord you to your wealth, and selfe.
Both which were lost i'th' foolish loue of *Flauia*.

Pan. Reason hath cleard my sight, and drawn the vaile
Of dotage that so darkt my understanding.
I clearely see the slavery of affections;
And how vnsuitable my declining yeares
Are for the dawning youth of *Flavia*.
Let the best joys of *Hymen* compasse her,
And her young husband, my *Eugenio*,
With full content. And since *Albumazar*
By accident, caus'd all this happinesse:
I freely pardon him, and his companions:
And haste to assist the Marriages and Feasts.

Cri. Why now you shew your selfe a worthy Gentleman.

ACT. 5. SCEN. *ult.*

Trincalo, Cricca.

Tri. CRicca I over-heard your news: all parts are pleasd,
Except my selfe: Is there no news for *Trincalo*?

Cri. Knowst it not? in and see: *Antonio*
Hath given thee *Armellina* with a portion,
Two hundred Crowns; and old *Pandolfo* bound
By oath t'assure thee twenty pounds a yeer,
For three lives. *Tri.* Haj! *Cri.* Come in. *Tri.* Ile follow.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

Two hundred Crowns? and twenty pound a yeare
For three good lives? Cargo! *hai* Trincalo!
My wife's extreamly buſie, dreſſing the ſupper
For theſe great marriages; and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertain you here
As I would elſe-where. But if you come to Totnam
Some foure daies hence, and aske for Trincalo
At th' ſigne o' th' Hogſhead, Ile morgage all my Lives
To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo
And mean to meet, clap hands and mak't a bargain.

FINIS.